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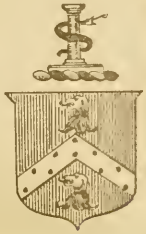
ESTOUTEVILLE

Country-seat of the Coles family since 1771



COLES

MANORS *of* VIRGINIA
IN
COLONIAL TIMES

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MANORS OF VIRGINIA IN COLONIAL TIMES

By

EDITH TUNIS SALE

WITH SIXTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS AND TWENTY-TWO COATS-OF-ARMS

PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
1909

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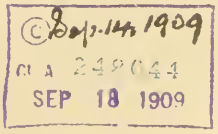
PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER, 1909



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THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PRESS, PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

TO MY MOTHER
SARAH DABNEY TUNIS

FOREWORD

TO those who made the writing of this book a possibility, I shall always be as deeply grateful as I am appreciative of their old homesteads, for I have but taken the family histories, romances and genealogies, which they so generously unrolled that I might see, and have welded them into one volume, hoping it may live to tell to future generations the stories of their forefathers and of their homes.

The interest which is shown to-day in the restoration and preservation of early mansions, encouraged me to undertake this meagre story of Virginia's oldest and most far-famed manor houses, no State in the Union boasting such a wealth of historic estates as this superb old Commonwealth, towards which the rest of the country so proudly looks.

Following that period of bravery and awe during which the corner-stone of America was so

firmly laid, came the more pleasing era of plantation life, founded by men whose names are high enrolled in the book of history, and whose homes were little kingdoms worthy of the sincere study of our less picturesque generation, which may in them relive that wonderful yesterday, forgetting and regretting this later age in the dreams and reveries born of a knowledge of how the grandees lived in Colonial times.

And though America is proud of herself as a nation, England may take just pride in the way the little colony, planted by her in an unknown land, has grown into one of the most remarkable of world powers, treasuring in its most historic corner a group of ancient country seats which have braved the stress of years and circumstance to speak to all who visit them to-day, appealingly of the past.

EDITH TUNIS SALE.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Sabine Hall	17
Mount Airy	29
Chatham	42
Kenmore	52
Brooke's Bank	63
Blandfield	69
Stratford Hall	79
Gunston Hall	92
Woodlawn	104
Tuckahoe	114
Shirley	125
Westover	134
Brandon	149
Sherwood Forest	159
Carter's Grove	172
The Nelson House	183
Rosewell	192
Elsing Green	207
Monticello	216
Castle Hill	229
Estouteville	244
Montpelier	259
Berry Hill	270
Oatlands	282

LIST *of* FAMILIES AND ESTATES

		PAGE
ALLEN	"TUCKAHOE"	123
BAILEY	"CHATHAM"	50
BARBOUR	"ROSEWELL"	196
BARTON	"KENMORE"	60
BEVERLEY	"BLANDFIELD"	69
BISLAND	"CARTER'S GROVE"	181
BOOTH	"CARTER'S GROVE"	181
BOOTH	"ROSEWELL"	203
BRANSFORD	"SHIRLEY"	133
BRAXTON	"ELSING GREEN"	211
BROOKE	"BROOKE'S BANK"	66
BROWNE	"ELSING GREEN"	212
BRUCE	"BERRY HILL"	273
BURWELL	"CARTER'S GROVE"	172
BYRD	"WESTOVER"	135
CARTER	"OATLANDS"	282
CARTER	"SABINE HALL"	18
CARTER	"SHIRLEY"	126
CARTER	"WESTOVER"	146
CATLETT	"ROSEWELL"	203
COALTER	"CHATHAM"	49
COLES	"BERRY HILL"	272
COLES	"ESTOUTEVILLE"	244
COOLIDGE	"TUCKAHOE"	123
CUSTIS	"WOODLAWN"	104

Dandridge	"Elsing Green"	207
Deans	"Rosewell"	204
Douthat	"Westover"	146
Drewery	"Westover"	147
Dupont	"Montpelier"	259
Eustis	"Oatlands"	289
Fitzhugh	"Chatham"	42
Gordon	"Kenmore"	60
Gregory	"Elsing Green"	213
Harrison	"Brandon"	150
Hill	"Shirley"	126
Hopkins	"Brooke's Bank"	68
Howard	"Kenmore"	60
Hutchins	"Oatlands"	289
Jefferson	"Monticello"	217
Jones	"Chatham"	49
Kester	"Gunston Hall"	102
Lacy	"Chatham"	49
Lee	"Stratford Hall"	79
Levy	"Monticello"	228
Lewis	"Kenmore"	52
Madison	"Montpelier"	259
Mann	"Rosewell"	196
Mason	"Gunston Hall"	92
Minge	"Sherwood Forest"	159
Nelson	"The Nelson House"	184
Page	"Rosewell"	192
Ramsay	"Westover"	147
Randolph	"Monticello"	226

LIST *of* FAMILIES AND ESTATES

RANDOLPH....."TUCKAHOE".....114
RIVES....."CASTLE HILL".....231
SAUNDERS....."BROOKE'S BANK"..... 68
SELDEN....."WESTOVER".....146
SHARP....."WOODLAWN".....111
SMITH....."GUNSTON HALL".....102
SPECHT....."GUNSTON HALL".....102
STARKE....."STRATFORD HALL"..... 88
STEWART....."STRATFORD HALL"..... 88
TAYLOE....."MOUNT AIRY"..... 29
TAYLOR....."ROSEWELL".....205
TYLER....."SHERWOOD FOREST".....159
WALKER....."CASTLE HILL".....229
WELLFORD ....."SABINE HALL" 27
WIGHT....."TUCKAHOE".....123

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

ESTOUTEVILLE.....*Frontispiece*
Country-seat of the Coles family since 1771

COLES COAT-OF-ARMS.....*Frontispiece*

SABINE HALL..... 18
Still in the possession of the original line of Carters

"KING" CARTER'S BOOK-PLATE..... 18

LANDON CARTER..... 26

THE HALL, SABINE HALL..... 26
Showing a Reynolds portrait of the "King"

MOUNT AIRY..... 30
Built by Col. John Tayloe in 1758

TAYLOE COAT-OF-ARMS..... 30

COLONEL JOHN TAYLOE..... 34
By St. Memin

SIR ARCHY..... 34
The most famous race horse of Colonial times

CHATHAM..... 42
Where General Robert E. Lee met Mary Custis

COLONEL WILLIAM FITZHUGH..... 44
From the portrait by Hesselius painted in 1698

FITZHUGH COAT-OF-ARMS..... 44

KENMORE..... 52
The home of Betty Washington

LEWIS COAT-OF-ARMS..... 52

BETTY WASHINGTON..... 57

THE FAMOUS MANTEL AT KENMORE..... 57

GOVERNOR ROBERT BROOKE..... 64

BROOKE COAT-OF-ARMS..... 64

BLANDFIELD..... 73
Erected by Robert Beverley about 1760

BEVERLY COAT-OF-ARMS..... 73

COLONEL RICHARD LEE..... 80
The Immigrant. From the painting by Sir Peter Lely

ILLUSTRATIONS

THOMAS LEE 80
President of Virginia Colony

LEE COAT-OF-ARMS 80

STRATFORD HALL 82
The birthplace of Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee and Robert E. Lee

GEORGE MASON 95
From the portrait by Hesselius

MASON COAT-OF-ARMS 95

GUNSTON HALL 96
The home of one of America's greatest statesmen, George Mason

COLONEL DANIEL PARKE 105
Aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough. From the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller

NELLIE CUSTIS 105
Portrait by Gilbert Stewart

CUSTIS COAT-OF-ARMS 105

WOODLAWN 109
The home of Nellie Custis

TUCKAHOE 114
Original seat of the Randolphs of Virginia

THE NORTH STAIR, TUCKAHOE 117
Renowned in the architectural annals of the country

THE HALL AT TUCKAHOE 117

SIR JOHN AND LADY RANDOLPH 118
From the paintings by E. C. Bruce at William and Mary College

RANDOLPH COAT-OF-ARMS 118

"KING" CARTER 126
From the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller

JOHN CARTER 126
From the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller

CARTER COAT-OF-ARMS 126

SHIRLEY 128
Built by Colonel Edward Hill in 1650

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT SHIRLEY 130

THE HALL AT SHIRLEY 130

THE RIVER FRONT OF WESTOVER 136
The most famous country-seat in America

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE HALL AT WESTOVER 138

THE CELEBRATED NORTH GATEWAY AT WESTOVER 140
With monogram of William Byrd

THE TOMB OF WILLIAM BYRD 140
Which dominates the old-fashioned garden

WILLIAM BYRD 142
From the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller

EVELYN BYRD 142
From the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller

BOOK-PLATE OF COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD 142

THE CORNER OF A GUEST-CHAMBER AT WESTOVER 146

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT WESTOVER 146
Showing the famous black marble mantel

BRANDON 150
Mansion erected by Nathaniel Harrison in 1702

HARRISON COAT-OF-ARMS 150

FAN CARRIED BY EVELYN BYRD 154
When she was presented at the Court of St. James

THE HALL AT BRANDON 154

SHERWOOD FOREST 167
The country-seat of President Tyler

TYLER CREST 167

CARTER'S GROVE 177
Built by Carter Burwell in 1746

BURWELL COAT-OF-ARMS 177

THE HALLWAY, CARTER'S GROVE 178
The stairway of which still bears the marks of sabre cuts from Tarleton's troopers

WILLIAM NELSON 184

NELSON COAT-OF-ARMS 184

NELSON HOUSE, YORKTOWN 187
Headquarters of Lord Cornwallis during the Revolution

ROSEWELL 198
Begun by Mann Page in 1725

GOVERNOR JOHN PAGE 202
At the age of 16. From the painting by Benjamin West at William and Mary College

BOOK-PLATE OF FRANCIS PAGE, 1703 202

ELSING GREEN 211
Built by George Braxton in 1758

ILLUSTRATIONS

DANDRIDGE COAT-OF-ARMS 211

MONTICELLO 216
Where Thomas Jefferson spent 796 days during his two terms as president

THOMAS JEFFERSON 225
From the painting in Independence Hall, Philadelphia

MRS. MARTHA RANDOLPH 225
Daughter of Thomas Jefferson. From the painting by Thomas Sully

JEFFERSON COAT-OF-ARMS 225

CASTLE HILL 230
Home of the Princess Troubetskoy

HON. WILLIAM CABELL RIVES 236

JUDITH WALKER RIVES 236

RIVES CREST 236

MONTPELIER 260
Country-seat of President Madison and where Dolly Madison reigned supreme

BERRY HILL 270
Country-seat of the Bruce family

CHARLES BRUCE 275

JAMES BRUCE 275

BRUCE CREST 275

THE CELEBRATED STAIRWAY AT BERRY HILL 278

COUNCILLOR CARTER 284
Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

GEORGE CARTER 284

OATLANDS 287
One of the old Carter homesteads, now owned by William Corcoran Eustis, Esq.

REAR VIEW AT OATLANDS 291
Showing the hanging gardens.

THE HALL AT OATLANDS 291

MANORS *of* VIRGINIA

IN

COLONIAL TIMES

SABINE HALL

THE more one studies the life of Colonial days, the better, more inimitable, and happier it appears; and since the time of the Cavaliers, when lords and ladies reigned supreme, the old Virginia manors and mansions, with their historic tales and romantic legends, have been the pride of the entire country.

Virginia being the very stronghold of the aristocratic Southern planter from the time that the first shoot of English civilization was set in America, this God-gifted region, in which every loyal American proudly feels a personal share and interest, to-day claims the first great plantations of the country.

It is gratifying to know that we are discovering the great debt we owe the Colonists; for all that we are and all that we have came from these bravest of men, who carved a great republic from English dominion and new-found lands.

The majority of these superb plantations, of which the greatest men in the country were the natural production, are found in Tidewater Virginia, the James, the York, the Potomac, and the Rappahannock being rich in their inheritance of an earlier age.

On the north shore of the latter river, as one sails up the high-banked stream, lie the historic acres of Sabine Hall, one of the famous Carter homesteads. While not an original grant, the Sabine Hall estate of 2000 acres is formed of several, including the Underwood and Fauntleroy, tracts, patented in 1650 and bought up by Colonel Landon Carter in early 1700.

John Carter, the first of the name to appear in Virginia, was probably from Buckinghamshire, England, where the family seat seems to have been located, and there is every reason to believe him to have been one of the loyal Cavaliers who fled to the Old Dominion when the cause of Charles II. was lost. Settling first in Nansemond County, he at once became prominent in

SABINE HALL

Still in the possession of the original line of Carters

the affairs of the Colony, being elected to the House of Burgesses soon after his arrival.

For bringing eighty persons into the Colony, "Colonel John Carter, Esq., Councillor of State," was granted 4000 acres of land in 1665. From Nansemond he moved to Lancaster County, where he was justice of the peace, member of the House of Burgesses, and a prominent vestryman of the parish.

Colonel John Carter left an unrivalled matrimonial record, having married first Jane Glyn, secondly Eleanor Brocas, thirdly Anne Carter, fourthly Sarah Ludlow, and lastly Elizabeth Shirley; but it is from Robert Carter of Corotoman, son of John and of Sarah Ludlow, that the Virginia family is descended.

Colonel John Carter, whose curious tomb may still be seen in ancient Christ Church graveyard, died in 1669, leaving most of his lands to his sons John and Robert; but as the elder died unmarried, Robert inherited the whole estate, which amounted to 18,500 acres.

Robert Carter was in person and possessions justly entitled to the sobriquet of "King," under which title he has come down in history as one of the most picturesque and commanding figures of the country. Speaker of the House of Bur-

gesses, Treasurer, President of the Council, and acting Governor of Virginia, with his vast fortune, there was no office nor honor which he did not attain.

At his own expense he built Christ Church, Lancaster County, the large pew near the pulpit, with the whole north cross, being reserved for the Carters for all time. According to an old tradition, on Sundays no one was allowed to enter the church until after the arrival of King Carter's coach, when the congregation followed him and his family into the sacred edifice. Bishop Meade, who has written so feelingly of the old churches, says: "Where is the house built in these degenerate days of slight modern architecture which may compare with old Christ Church, either within or without?"

A crumbling brick wall encloses the ancient burying-ground of the Carter family, smothered under a heavy growth of ivy and shaded by spreading walnut-trees. At the east end of the enclosure is the tomb of King Carter, next those of two of his wives, the three being the largest, heaviest, and altogether the richest in this country. The Latin inscription on the marble slab, beneath which rests the lordly proprietor of Corotoman, is thus translated by Bishop Meade:

"Here lies buried Robert Carter, Esq., an honorable man, who, by noble endowments and pure morals, gave lustre to his gentle birth.

"Rector of William and Mary, he sustained that institution in its most trying times. He was Speaker of the House of Burgesses, and Treasurer under the most serene princes William, Anne, George I. and II.

"Elected by the House its Speaker for six years, and Governor of the Colony for more than a year, he upheld equally the regal dignity and the public freedom.

"Possessed of ample wealth, blamelessly acquired, he built and endowed, at his own expense, this sacred edifice—a signal monument of his piety toward God. He furnished it richly.

"Entertaining his friends kindly, he was neither a prodigal nor a parsimonious host.

"His first wife was Judith, daughter of John Armistead, Esq.; his second, Betty, a descendant of the noble family of Landons. By these wives he had many children, on whose education he expended large sums of money.

"At length, full of honours and of years, when he had well performed all the duties of an exemplary life, he departed from this world on the 4th day of August, in the 69th year of his age.

"The unhappy lament their lost comforter, the widows their lost protector, and the orphans their lost father."

One portrait of King Carter as a young man represents a strikingly handsome figure in velvet coat and lace cravat, wearing the long, curling wig of the period. The luminous eyes seem to follow one everywhere. The firm mouth shows lines of pity next curves of scorn, and the beautiful, tapering hand that rests easily on the hilt of his sword could only have been used for the most delicate of tasks.

When he died, in 1732, King Carter left a princely fortune, consisting as it did of 300,000 acres of land, about £10,000 sterling, and 1000 slaves.

The second wife of Robert Carter was Mrs. Elizabeth Willis, daughter of Thomas and Mary Landon of Grednal, in the county of Hereford, the ancient seat of the Landon family. Of the ten children springing from this union, Landon, the third son, inherited the Sabine Hall estate. He married first a Miss Armistead, secondly Maria Byrd, daughter of Colonel William Byrd of Westover, and lastly Elizabeth Wormeley of Rosegill. Thus it is that the Carter name is so intermingled with the Fitzhughs, Berkeleys, Champes, Skipwiths, Nelsons, Lees, Braxtons, Randolphs, and many others equally distinguished.

SABINE HALL

The manor-house of Sabine Hall, named presumably for the noted villa of Horace at Tivoli, is built on early Georgian lines, and was erected by King Carter for his son in 1730, since when it has passed direct from father to son. A clearly emphasized fact is that throughout its existence the plantation has remained in the possession of the original line of Carters; which is particularly gratifying, as in only too many beautiful old homesteads "some stranger fills the Stuarts' throne."

The approach to the estate is over a surpassingly lovely wooded roadway more than a mile in length, canopied with white-petalled dogwood and rosy laurel in the months of springtime, and a mass of brilliant color when the first frost comes. On reaching the brick lodge, with its great white gate, the stranger guest is treated to a glimpse of the picturesque days of old, when the keeper, an aged negress with red bandana and courtesying manner, lifts the latch to let one through.

From the lodge to the mansion stretches a thickly turfed park of twenty-five acres, where oaks and sycamores, hickories and elms, afford dense shade, and are lined with precision into a stately avenue showing nature at her most lavish

and best. The landscape architecture of this winding driveway gives exquisite glimpses of the river flowing beyond. Just before reaching the lawn proper the driveway branches to both right and left, joining again in front of the mansion and giving a dignified entrance and exit.

The grounds, with their incomparable greensward, are adorned here with blue-blossomed catalpa trees and there with a group of maples, while dotted about in careless fashion are ashes and lindens, walnuts and oaks, venerable monarchs of an early forest. A giant sycamore lends its ample shade on one side of the house, rivalled only by magnificent ailanthus trees, the pride of the estate. On the land side these beautiful grounds slope gently to the wooded vales below, gradually losing themselves in the forest of many miles in extent. The river front is given over to the terraced gardens, where old-fashioned box-edged flower squares, stocked and laid off in the quaint Colonial fashion, alternate with clumps of pure white snowballs and delicate lilacs or sweet-smelling calycanthus. Prim and pebbly walks, outlined with spring narcissus and early snowdrops, April cowslips, or violet beds, lead through and over the terraces, which are separated from the lowlier kitchen-garden by

magnificent boxwood hedges, unequalled in height and symmetry by any in the country. Planted there when America was very young, these marvellous hedges have fought the fires and strifes and wars of centuries, living to-day as they did in a time that is long since dead. And rolling for perhaps a mile beyond the fruitful orchards and garden terraces are the verdant fields and meadow lands, which slope to the very river's edge.

The bricks of which the manor-house is built were made on the plantation, King Carter having had his own brick-kiln, and, while originally laid in Flemish bond, were washed with cement some generations ago, presenting now a soft gray tone which contrasts harmoniously with the white stone facings and dark green window-blinds.

A stately portico on the land front of the mansion is supported by four massive columns of the Tuscan order, which in height equal that of the building; and the flag-stone floor is duplicated in that of the long veranda on the river front.

The interior, rich in panelling and carved wainscoting, is further adorned with choice mahogany furniture and rare old portraits, the handsomest being that of King Carter, by Sir

Joshua Reynolds. This portrait, which hangs over the sofa in the main hall, shows him as a man of thirty-five in picturesque riding-costume; evidently he has just returned from a long ride, as he is in the act of removing his gloves before reading the letter addressed to "Hon. Robert Carter, Virginia," which lies on a near-by table. That of Colonel Landon Carter, the first to own Sabine Hall, pictures a serious, scholarly man in the prime of life; he wears a short white wig, and the plain cloth coat is well set off by the light satin waistcoat trimmed lavishly with a wide fancy gimp. The lace-edged sleeve-ruffles are counterparts of the stock ends, and the position is one of natural ease, with one hand resting upon the braid-bordered pocket, while the other arm is thrown over a chair. The portrait of Elizabeth Armistead, his first wife, shows on the contrary a rather coquettish face. The high-bred matron wears a gown of shimmering satin, and holds carelessly an armful of old-fashioned flowers. The rest of the most notable portraits are catalogued as Maria Byrd, daughter of Colonel William Byrd of Westover, second wife of Colonel Carter; Elizabeth Wormeley of Rosegill, his third wife; Landon Carter II., grandson of the first; Robert Wormeley Carter and his wife,

LANDON CARTER

THE HALL, SABINE HALL
Showing a Reynolds portrait of the "King"

Elizabeth Tayloe; Dr. Beverley R. Wellford, Mary Alexander, his wife, and Mr. A. N. Wellford. Most of these are from the brush of King or Gould.

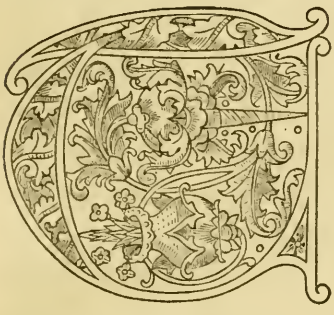
It is in the cheery library that one finds greatest interest, for treasured here are many rare books and historic manuscripts of the first owner's day. Every inch of this room is filled with romantic associations; each nook and angle has its own particular story. That Colonel Landon Carter was on terms of intimacy with the most distinguished men of his time is evidenced in his correspondence, which has been carefully preserved, and is interwoven with the names of Washington, Lafayette, Richard Henry Lee, and Peyton Randolph.

If it is true that the greatest ornaments of a house are its guests, surely no mansion was ever more brilliantly adorned than Sabine Hall, the very name of which calls forth a procession of ghostly figures who once wined and dined, danced and slept, under the broad, hospitable roof.

But the sturdy King, with his massive intellect, the beautiful maids of centuries ago, the foreign lords and the American generals who played such a vital part in history-making and acted on

the stage of this old country-seat, are now only memories and wraiths of a wonderful, unforgettable past. The life of Sabine Hall has proved longer than that of its many masters, and in their peaceful, quiet fashion the ancient mansion and noble acres, the ideal home of the Southern planter, live in gentle dignity as they did when King Carter of Corotoman ruled the Northern Neck.

MOUNT AIRY



HE Northern Neck of Virginia, the whole of which was granted by Charles II. to Lord Culpeper in 1683, was literally and figuratively the abode of the great families of the country in its earliest days. Here, within fifteen miles of one another, were born Washington, Madison, and Monroe; while second only in point of historic interest were the other distinguished settlers who followed the course of the Rappahannock in seeking their first homes.

Mount Airy, the ancient estate of the Tayloe family, has place in the chronicles of Virginia as early as 1650, when William Taylor, the first of the name, emigrated to this country and took up lands in Lancaster, now Richmond County. He married Anne, daughter of Alice Eltonhead and Henry Corbin, who came from Hall End, Warwickshire, about the same time. It was during his life that the orthography of the name Taylor

was changed to Tayloe, though the cause is entirely unknown.

His son, Colonel John Tayloe of the "Old House," fell heir to the large estates, which were increased by his marriage to Elizabeth Gwynne Fauntleroy, widow of Major Stephen Lyde. The first Colonel John Tayloe, a man of no ordinary ability, was a member of the King's Council and prominent in numerous other ways. His will, executed January 3, 1744, covers five pages, and leaves the hereditary estate of many thousand acres to the Honorable John Tayloe, born in 1721.

On July 11, 1747, Colonel John Tayloe 2nd was married to Rebecca, daughter of Governor George Plater of Maryland, who was from an illustrious family in Sotterly, county of Suffolk, England, the name having been one of prestige previous to the fifteenth century. Colonel Tayloe is generally known as the founder of Mount Airy, as it was under his direction that the mansion, so memorable in the social annals of Virginia, was erected, in 1758.

This manor-house, justly considered by many the handsomest in Virginia, is constructed of red sandstone quarried from the surrounding hills, the white stone facings having been imported.

MOUNT ABBY

Drawn by Caleb and John Tayler in 1779

TAYLOR

In architecture it boasts the distinction of difference from any in the land, while it graces superbly one of the choicest river sites and commands to-day the same far-reaching view of the silver Rappahannock as it did two centuries ago. The large central building is connected with smaller wings by covered corridors thirty feet long and twelve wide, which curve outward in order to meet the wings, placed some feet in front of the main portion. This curve, a delightful departure from the ordinary, renders the enclosed court almost the shape of a horseshoe.

The interior suffered a severe fire in 1844, but most of the heirlooms and treasures were fortunately saved, and were replaced by Mr. William Tayloe when the house was restored. In the hall hangs a famous set of Boydell's Shakespeare, and in the drawing-room, as well as in most of the rooms, is still much of the rare mahogany furniture originally placed there. On the wall hangs a handsome portrait of Governor Samuel Ogle of Maryland, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, while that of Mrs. Ogle and daughter shows the same master-hand. Continuing around the room, one sees the likenesses of Governor Benjamin Ogle and his wife, Henrietta Hill, Anna Maria Cook, wife of Benjamin Ogle, Jr.,

and Catherine Goodrich, his daughter. The superb portrait of Colonel John Tayloe 3rd, builder of the famous Octagon House in Washington, was painted in 1804 by Stuart, and represents the patrician land-owner in the dark clothes of the Continental period, which are relieved about the throat by the soft lace-trimmed stock. He wears no wig, and his white hair contrasts to advantage with his ruddy complexion. The portrait of his wife, Anne Ogle, by the same renowned artist, shows a slender, graceful figure in an Empire gown of white satin. She is sitting in an old wing-chair of crimson velvet, with one plump arm resting carelessly in her lap. The features are a bit haughty, but the expression is softened by the cluster of curls about her forehead. Among the rest of the pictured notables, whose very names awaken the keenest interest, are William Henry Tayloe, Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, and Mrs. John Tayloe.

Over the dining-room mantel, on the river front of the house, hangs the likeness of Colonel John Tayloe 2nd, founder of Mount Airy, which was painted in 1700, while near-by the lovely face of Mrs. Gwyn, mother of Mrs. John Tayloe, as she appeared to Sir Godfrey Kneller, gleams from the canvas in the old gilt frame.

Adorning the rest of the wall are those of Mrs. John Tayloe 2nd and David Lyde, her son by a former marriage, Mrs. John Tayloe and daughter, afterwards Mrs. Mann Page, Elizabeth Tayloe and her husband, Richard Corbin, member of the King's Council, and Governor George Plater of Maryland. But a brief glance at the catalogue will clearly show the Mount Airy gallery to be second only to one in the country, that containing just one more portrait.

In the library is a most interesting collection of old manuscripts and autograph letters, among which are found the names of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Lafayette, Lord Byron, Anthony Trollope, Lady Vane, Admiral Wormeley, Daniel Webster, Chief-Justice Marshall, John Quincy Adams, and Henry Clay. Unlimited interest is found here also in the colored English prints of famous race-horses owned by Colonel John Tayloe 2nd, all bearing the date 1800. But deemed by some connoisseurs as the choicest things in the mansion are the rare colored engravings, dated 1735, of the mural paintings and windows of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

The manor-house throughout bears evidence that Colonel Tayloe was a noted turfman, and in

most of the rooms are silver trophies won by his stable. The one-mile race-track laid off about one-eighth of a mile to the north of the grounds was in Colonial days one of the very few private tracks in America and the scene of the finest racing in the land. Virginia's being the mother of race-horses as well as of statesmen accounts for the excellence of Virginia-bred horses, even of some whose pedigrees cannot be traced three generations. In a letter dated 1867 the following account of the Mount Airy stable is given: " The distinguished stud of the late Colonel John Tayloe, of Mount Airy (on the Rappahannock), who was decidedly at the head of the turf at that epoch, with Bel Air, Calypso, Grey Diomed, Virago, Black Maria, Gallatin, Cap Bearer, and the gelding Leviathan, by Virginia-bred Flag of Truce. Then succeeded the days of Fairy, Amanda, Florizel, the Maid of Oaks, Post Boy, Oscar, First Consul, and the many renowned get of Diomed, including Sir Archy. The Washington City Race-course has been the arena for most of these named. At one time it was supposed that American Eclipse and Henry were the best race-horses in America. For years their time was unequalled. Both of them were descended from the distinguished stud at Mount

COLONEL JOHN TAYLOE
By St. Memin

SIR ARCHY
The most famous race horse of Colonial times

Airy." Even an Englishman who disliked to credit this country with anything good was forced to admit Sir Archy's fame, though he coupled it with the assertion that he was the only American horse known in England. From this celebrated sire the noted Hambletonian stables in Kentucky are descended.

For some years Colonel Tayloe was President of the Washington City Jockey Club, of which he was the founder, that race-course being perhaps the most notable in America.

Mount Airy lying as it did on the turnpike between Williamsburg and Philadelphia, all the notables who passed along the highway were lavishly entertained at the hospitable mansion, the stories of which have come down like a breath from an age forever irrecoverable. Among the cherished records of the old homestead is one telling of the raspberries from the Mount Airy greenhouse that were sent by Mrs. Tayloe to the Marquis de Lafayette in the month of February.

In 1776 Colonel John Tayloe 2nd was a member of the King's Council under Lord Dunmore, and later was one of the first Republican Council under Governor Henry. An extract from a letter dated August 4, 1772, proves Colonel Tayloe's thought for the welfare of his children,

the letter being written to Ralph Wormeley in connection with the marriage of his daughter to a son of Mr. Wormeley:

"The provision you propose for your son in your lifetime, with what will be his after, is satisfactory to me, provided it be not too heavily encumbered with legacies and debts, and it is necessary to guard against any want that may possibly happen; therefore approve of your proposal with respect to a settlement, in case you should survive your son, in either way you please. I only wish my daughter's change in life to be made comfortable to her, and guarded against every contingency. I am satisfied she can live happily with you, yet my tenderness for her creates fears, I must own, and hope they may never be more. But the subject is too tender to speak more plainly upon. I proposed the only mode in my power to give my daughter a fortune, and, if not accepted, I will not engage to do what depends on the will of others, and not my own; for it will not suit my convenience to pay her fortune in any other manner than from moneys due to me, of which I have not been able to collect a sufficiency to pay my eldest daughter's fortune, who, though in affluence, is yet entitled to the preference, and must have it from

me unless otherwise proposed by her husband, or shall think I do not do justice. My second is otherwise provided for. Nannie stands next in turn, but, having no offer yet, may be provided for in time, perhaps as soon as wanted. My desire is to make my children as happy as I can, and as soon as possible."

Colonel Tayloe's wise forethought was undoubtedly responsible for the brilliant marriages contracted by his eight daughters, a distinguished record unrivalled by any family in the country. That they all married gentlemen of the highest position is seen from the following:

Elizabeth, born in 1750, married in 1767 Colonel Edward Lloyd of Wye, Talbot County, Maryland, President of the Council of that state and father of Governor Edward Lloyd.

Rebecca, born in 1752, married in 1769 Francis Lightfoot Lee, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Anne Corbin, born in 1753, married in 1773 Major Thomas Lomax of Port Tobago, a magnificent Rappahannock River estate.

Eleanor, born in 1756, married in 1772 the Honorable Ralph Wormeley of Rosegill, a member of the King's Council.

Mary, born in 1759, married in 1776 Colonel

Mann Page of Spottsylvania County, half-brother of Governor John Page.

Catherine, born in 1761, married in 1780 Landon Carter of Sabine Hall, the son of Robert, "King" Carter of Corotoman.

Sarah, born in 1765, married in 1799 Colonel William Augustine Washington, nephew of the General.

Jane, born in 1774, married in 1791 Colonel Robert Beverley, of the family so prominent in the early days of the Colony.

On the death of Colonel Tayloe, his only son, Colonel John Tayloe 3rd, inherited the Mount Airy estate. Colonel Tayloe, born in 1771, was then but eight years old. He was educated at Eton, where he numbered such men as Wellington, George Canning, Sir Edward Thornton, the Marquis of Waterford, Lord Graves, and Sir Grey Skipwith as his friends and classmates.

In 1792 he married Anne, daughter of Governor Benjamin Ogle of Maryland, after which he took a very active part in public life. He was a captain of dragoons under General Henry Lee, and was appointed in 1799 by President Adams a major of light dragoons, U. S. A. He served nine years as Delegate and Senator in the Virginia Legislature, and in the War of 1812 was

in command of the cavalry of the District of Columbia. That he was a warm friend of George Washington is proven in his correspondence, which is still preserved, and among which is found a letter illustrating the esteem in which he was held:

"MOUNT VERNON, 12th February, 1799.

"DEAR SIR:

"By your servant, I have this moment (on my return from Alexandria) been favored with your two letters of the 10th instant.

"For the compliment you have been pleased to pay me, in asking my opinion of the eligibility of accepting your late appointment in the Army of the United States, I pray you to accept my thanks.

"However desirous I might have been of seeing you engaged in that line, candor requires that I should declare that, under your statement of the circumstances of the case, I am inclined to believe that your services in the civil line, in the present crisis of our affairs, and the temper in particular in which this state appears to be (if it be fair to form judgment from the acts of its legislature), would be more important. The first is contingent, of course may or may not be called for, according to our doings in the latter. The second *is in existence*, and requires the active and, I may venture to add, the immediate exertions of the friends of order and good government, to prevent the evils in which it is

but too apparent another description of men among us are endeavoring to involve the United States.

"No evil, I perceive, can result at this stage of the recruiting service from the postponement of a final decision respecting your appointment to a Majority in the Regiment of Light Dragoons; and as you have it in contemplation (as apparent by your letter to the Secretary of War) to visit Philadelphia shortly, I will suspend a further expression of my sentiments on this subject until I have the pleasure of seeing you at this place.

"With best respects to Mrs. Tayloe, in which Mrs. Washington and Miss Custis unite, I am, dear sir,

"Your most obedient and humble servant,

"GEO. WASHINGTON."

When Colonel Tayloe died, in 1828, the plantation went to Colonel William Tayloe, from whom it was inherited by Mr. Henry Tayloe, and until very recently, when it passed to the children of the latter, was perhaps the only estate in the country which has descended from father to son in direct succession without one break in the line.

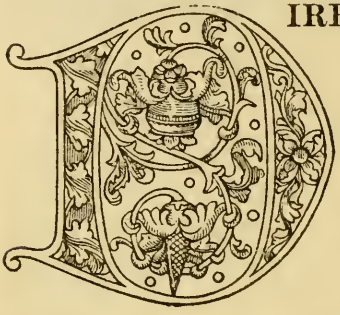
The moss-grown, crumbling brick walls of the burying-ground enclose the tombs of some of the country's most illustrious dead, the newer shafts standing out somewhat crudely against the ancient bricks of time-stained tone. Blue peri-

winkle riots above the old mounds protecting the quiet sleepers from summer sun and winter snow.

The beautiful park, ending in a famous cedar avenue, was stocked with deer during the life of the founder of Mount Airy, and is still picturesque in vale and greenery, though the deer feed there no more. Upon the terraces at both fronts of the house grow great box hedges, while others, where purple lilacs mingle with the white, border the walkways, well-bred citizens of the garden, never overstepping the bounds of conventionality.

Beneath the old roof of the manor-house children were born, to die in the shadow of the self-same spot. Beautiful women of many social graces dispensed here a bounteous hospitality, and wise men who served first their king and then their country left here the priceless heritage of an unsullied name. There was always a royal welcome in this fine old Virginia homestead for the stranger visitor as well as the titled guest. And it is only in such environment that we realize keenly the picturesque figure of the Colonial Cavalier, which is bravely silhouetted like some brilliant decoration against the neutral background of to-day.

CHATHAM



IRECTLY across the river from Fredericksburg, that ancient town of Stafford County, where a web of historic association spreads over the beautiful valley, Chatham Mansion, picturesque yet in its changed surroundings, is living in a ripe old age.

No homestead in the country excels this estate in point of history or tradition, for the first master, William Fitzhugh, was one of the most renowned men of the Colonies, in whose veins was said to run the blood of the Barons of Ravensworth.

According to Burke, the name Fitzhugh, though known since the Conquest, was only appropriated by that family in the reign of Edward III., when the ancestor Bardolph was Lord of Ravensworth.

One genealogist, who seems to have been scrupulously careful in his research, says: " From

CHATHAM

Where General Robert E. Lee met Mary Custis

this ancestor, the family is traced from father to son through the following generations: Bardolph was succeeded by his son Akaris Fitz-Bardolph; he by Hervey Fitz-Akaris; he by Henry Fitz-Hervey; then Randolph Fitz-Henry was succeeded by his brother Hugh Fitz-Henry; he died in 1304, and was followed by his son, Henry Fitz-Hugh, which name has been adopted by his descendants to this day." It was this Henry Fitz-Hugh who was prominent in the Wars of the Roses, and was summoned by writ to Parliament in 1321 as Baron Fitz-Hugh, being the first to bear that title, which continued unbrokenly in the male line until the seventh baron, when the barony "fell into abeyance." Catherine Parr, sixth wife of Henry VIII., was the granddaughter of the last Lord Fitz-Hugh.

Fame followed the family to America, whither William Fitzhugh, the son of a barrister of Bedford, England, emigrated in 1670. Four years later he married Sarah, daughter of John Tucker of Westmoreland County, Virginia, and a generally credited tradition is that the little bride of eleven years was sent by her husband to England soon after the ceremony in order that her education might be perfected.

William Fitzhugh, the Immigrant, was not

only an eminent man of letters, but the ablest lawyer in Virginia. He it was who was counsellor for Robert Beverley in his celebrated case, while another of his clients was Lord Culpeper, who at that time held a grant from Charles I. for all Virginia.

The portrait of William Fitzhugh, the Immigrant, which is now in the collection of Mr. Douglas H. Thomas of Baltimore, was painted by Hesselius in 1698. His naturally strong features are given an iron severity by the heavy black wig which falls stiffly upon his shoulders, and will and determination are written in every line of his face.

The letters of William Fitzhugh, the originals of which are in the library of Harvard University, are no less valuable for their literary style than as historical records of the seventeenth century.

On his death, in 1701, his estate of 54,054 acres in King George, Stafford, and Essex Counties, was divided among his five sons, William, Henry, Thomas, George, and John. William Fitzhugh, of Eagle's Nest, married Anne, daughter of Richard and Lætitia Corbin Lee. Their son Henry married Lucy, daughter of King Carter, these being the parents of William Fitzhugh of

COLONEL WILLIAM FITZHUGH

From the portrait by Hesselius painted in 1698

Chatham, who inherited the greater part of the 18,723 acres left to his father.

Born August 24, 1741, William Fitzhugh, the fourth of the name in Virginia, displayed at an early age an ability for public life. He was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1772, and was elected to the Continental Congress in 1779, besides holding other important offices. He married Anne Bolling Randolph, daughter of Peter Randolph of Chatsworth, Henrico County, and spent the majority of his life at Chatham, the mansion of which was erected in or about 1720, according to an old brick found on the place.

There is no finer example of the long Colonial architecture than this homestead, with a frontage of 210 feet, the two-story central building being flanked by one-story wings connected with the main portion by covered corridors. The bricks of which the mansion is built are said to have been brought from England, though there is room for doubt in this assertion; but the ivy with which it is hung in parts is known to have come from abroad.

The great square hall, the walls of which are panelled, measures twenty-six by twenty-six feet, the high-ceiled rooms on either side being twenty-four by twenty-four. The handsome panelling

torn out by the soldiers during the Civil War has never been entirely restored, but the curtains running along the sides of the house still preserve the wainscoting intact.

The drawing-room and library are both beautifully wainscoted, and though the nine rooms of the first floor originally showed this ornamentation, much was destroyed during the Civil War. The inside walls are fully two feet thick, and in all the windows are deep seats that invite the rest of the modern guest as they did that of the maids and Cavaliers of many years ago.

The situation of the manor-house, on an eminence of the Rappahannock, commands a magnificent view of the country around, covering as it does an area of Virginia's most historic ground. To the right of the house is the original kitchen, with its enormous fireplace and roasting-crane, and on the left is a duplicate building in the old office.

The vast ten-acre lawn is studded with splendid trees standing singly or in groups, conspicuous among them being the silver poplars that grow twice the height of the house. Picturesque walks through grounds and garden are outlined with trees of flowering boxwood, that attract the earliest and laziest bees by their pungent fra-

grance. And when the moon rises back of the woodlands, or only stars light the silent night, back and forth through the dew-drenched hedges trips "the White Lady," silently weeping and wringing her hands. Who she is, or why she walks there, no one is able to tell; yet night after night, through century after century, this sad wraith of some once gay being haunts the "Ghost Walk" of Chatham, perhaps in heart-broken longing for the days forever irrecoverable.

Another weird feature of Chatham is the Indian Cave in the North Ravine, said to have been hewn from the rock long before the white man came, but found and used by him as a hiding-place during the Revolution.

In this old home were always illustrious visitors, and many and interesting are the legends told of the princely life of William Fitzhugh, who entertained with a royal and lavish hand. Chatham was a second home for Washington, the room known as the west chamber always having been occupied by him. Lafayette, too, was entertained here after the siege of Yorktown.

Being an ardent devotee of the turf, William Fitzhugh had laid off on the estate a private race-track, where his famous horses were put through

their schooling before they appeared at the public meets. In 1775 his renowned Regulus, Brilliant, and Kitty Fisher were favorites on the most prominent race-courses.

Being so constantly filled with guests, and counting among them only the most eminent in the land, one marvels not at the many meetings which took place at Chatham, some of which made, while others helped to unmake, history. Here one breathes the essence of romance; the very air teems with the history of years, and day-dreams and reveries live in the memory long after a visit to the celebrated spot.

It was at Chatham that John Dandridge, the father of Martha Washington, breathed his last. It was at Chatham that Martha Custis first met Washington. It was at Chatham that Mary Fitzhugh married George Washington Parke Custis in 1806, and it was under this same hospitable roof that Mary Custis met her idol, Robert Edward Lee. But the prettiest story of all is that told of General Lee, who, when this mansion was headquarters for the Federal army, refused to shell it from his vantage-point on Marye's Heights, rather than destroy one limb or shingle of the place which held his most sacred memories.

Towards the latter part of his life, the strenuous entertaining began to tell on the nerves and income of William Fitzhugh, who sought refuge at Ravensworth, in Fairfax County, in which mansion he reproduced Chatham, the material being wood instead of brick.

Though it was through him that the estate of Chatham achieved its fame, William Fitzhugh was neither born nor buried there.

The many acres of this old plantation, now reduced to but few, fell to Henry Fitzhugh, and now the only living descendants of the renowned William Fitzhugh are the children and grandchildren of General Robert E. Lee.

After the estate passed out of the Fitzhugh family, it was purchased by Major Churchill Jones, who left it to his brother, William Jones, from whom it went to his daughter, Mrs. Coalter, and from her to a younger daughter of William Jones, Mrs. J. Horace Lacy. The fact that it was the home of Major Lacy during the Civil War accounts for its having been known as " Lacy's " to both armies. Being the headquarters of Hooker, Sumner, and McDowell, the mansion and fair acres suffered cruelly from the vandalism of ignorant troops, who tore away with a ruthless hand the marks of history, and

wrenched from the ground the roots and blossoms of æons long past. At Chatham was held the council of war that decided upon the battle of Fredericksburg, and after the battle the walls that once rang with gay song and laughter echoed only to the moans of wounded soldiers, the house being then a temporary hospital.

After the war Major Lacy returned to his sadly altered estate, but troubles had come too thick and fast, and a short while afterwards it was sold. During the next twenty years the place was one of changing masters, but finally, in 1900, it was purchased by Mr. Fleming Bailey, and came into its own again.

Great trees shattered by the shells of '62 are now hung with ivy in thick profusion; honeysuckle riots in rich luxuriance, and in the dear little garden squares old-fashioned flowers are once more blooming, silently giving their beauty and fragrance in reparation for the cruel years of war.

Among the *mélange* of lore and legend with which the Rappahannock homesteads abound, one of the prettiest tells of Governor Spotswood's first voyage up the river, to the music of skylarks brought from England to be set free in the new-found land. When the sun sinks into

the silvery river, lengthening the shadows on the Chatham lawn, the slender throats of these little songsters are filled with melody for the stranger who pauses in rapture at the faultlessly lovely scene.

And turning to the old mansion, enveloped in the peace and quiet of history made and centuries dead, one realizes that happy days have come once more to Chatham, which will live for years set to the music of Spotswood's larks.

KENMORE

FROM Stafford Heights, the picturesque hills that form the palisades of the Rappahannock River, the historic town of Fredericksburg is viewed in its luxurious setting of rolling meadow and forest land, lying as some incomparable jewel, endowed by nature and beloved by man.

Here, in a quiet, secluded spot, a fitting monument of history made of lore and legend, still stands Kenmore, the rare old home built by Colonel Fielding Lewis in 1749. Fredericksburg was somewhat unique among Virginia towns, inasmuch as many of the landed gentry lived there in preference to their country-seats, as was the usual custom.

The name of Lewis is one of the oldest in English history and among the most distinguished in that of America. Mr. Hayden, than whom there is no better authority in the country, traces the Virginia branch of the family from

KENMORE
The home of Betty Washington

Zachary Lewis, the Immigrant of 1692. Still another tradition says that they are descended from General Robert Lewis, of Brecon, Wales, who settled in Gloucester County in 1635. Whether the John Lewis who was living in Gloucester in 1660 was the son of General Robert Lewis and his wife Elizabeth cannot be said, but the former is known to have married Isabella Warner, sister of Augustine Warner, who was Speaker of the House of Burgesses.

Their son, Councillor John Lewis, born in 1669, married Elizabeth Warner, his cousin, and was the father of John, born in 1692, the third of the name and line in Virginia. John 3rd married Frances Fielding, they being the parents of Colonel Fielding Lewis, who was born July 7, 1725.

In 1746 Colonel Lewis married Catharine, an aunt of George Washington, and after her death he married the General's only sister. The following entry was made by Colonel Lewis in the family Bible, now owned by the Lewis family of Marmion, King George County: "I was married to Miss Betty Washington, sister of General George Washington, 7th day of May, 1750."

Though the Kenmore estate once numbered so

many acres, it has now dwindled to few, but these, placed away and apart from the rest of the town, give an effect of ease and space unwarranted by the area. The grounds are partially enclosed by a heavy brick wall of English appearance, to which ivy clings with grim tenacity, and the mosses of ages have mellowed its tone.

Great trees stand sentinel around the mansion —oaks, maples, and poplars, firs and sycamores; and where some gaunt and withered forest monarch has succumbed to the waste of time and storm, honeysuckle and woodbine lend their sweet-scented garlands in pitying tribute to the life it once had.

The old brick mansion could tell a tale of romance and history blended, could the staunch old walls but speak; for this was the house where Washington often found needed rest after tireless duty, and where his mother, "the Rose of Epping Forest," lived at the last. To-day the transient visitor or stranger guest pauses always, almost directly in front of Kenmore, and gazes reverently at a monument bearing the simple inscription, "Mary, the Mother of Washington," beneath which lies the quiet sleeper who blessed her country as no other woman can. At Kenmore, too, was born Major Lawrence Lewis, who married the beautiful Nellie Custis.

The mansion played its first part in history in the French and Indian War of 1755–1757, being at that time a rendezvous for recruits as well as headquarters for Washington, then a colonel in the English army and but twenty-six years of age. Twenty years later, when America was in the throes of her greatest struggle, General Washington many times sought his sister's fireside for a council of war or a breath of home. During the Civil War the dwelling served as barracks for Federal sharp-shooters, and it bears to-day the marks and scars of many shells which struck it cruelly during those troublous times. But Colonel Lewis must have had in view a lengthy existence for the home he presented to his little bride, the thick walls and massive foundations of which have weathered so bravely three bitter wars.

Being desirous of having this home one of the handsomest in all Virginia, the early builder spared neither time, trouble, nor expense to attain that end, and the remarkable materials and workmanship bespeak both an architectural triumph and practical forethought. In color the mansion is the true Colonial buff, with the framework of the doors and window-arches white, which contrasts restfully with the time-stained stone steps

that have borne the footsteps of two hundred years of joy and sorrow, peace and war. The arcade forming a left wing to the building presents rather original lines, having served no practical purpose beyond proving a decorative relief from the kitchen, which is placed in the rear. But under these graceful arches perhaps Betty Washington often sat with a bit of tatting or an old-time sampler. Here, too, fancy makes a picture of the greatest man of a very great country, pacing the floor of the quaint arcade and revelling in the air of peace and comfort or frowning over grave thoughts that came.

The unobtrusive entrance thrown out on the right of the dwelling is thoroughly Colonial. The main entrance-door of heavy oak is adorned with an antique brass knocker, and opens immediately into the central hallway, which runs the depth of the house, joining and becoming a part of the library in the rear, and thus rendering the exit to that portico direct from the library—a charming idea, and one well executed. The panelling and wainscoting of the graceful stairway are painted white, as are the balustrades, in keeping with the rest of the hall. The doorway shows pilasters as decoration, as well as a semi-circular cornice, which gives an extremely good

BETTY WASHINGTON

The famous mantel at Kenmore, the plastic decorations of which were designed by General Washington and represent several of Æsop's fables, notably that of "The Fox and the Crow."

effect, while the carving of the cornice proper is far beyond the usual. An historic marquetry table stands under the old-fashioned mirror, and a grandfather's clock and rare Jacobean chairs render the hall furniture harmonious on the whole and artistic in detail.

The greatest and most unusual feature of Kenmore lies undoubtedly in its ceiling decorations, incomparable marvels of untiring care and faultless execution. The plaster designs are said to have been executed by a British prisoner held during the Revolution, and of the graceful clusters of flowers, baskets of fruits, and horns of plenty more than twenty thousand separate and distinct pieces are clearly visible. The library ceiling is one of the most interesting in the mansion, tradition claiming that the plaster decoration over the mantel was designed by General Washington. It portrays several of Æsop's fables, conspicuously that of " The Fox and the Crow." The mantel itself and the pediments are of wood beautifully carved. The great arched doorway of this hall-library, with its double pilasters and superbly carved frame, is an exquisite bit of workmanship, and near it stands the quaint old clock which belonged to Mary Washington, still monotonously telling the pass-

ing of time. The walls, which might otherwise be called too prim and severe, are lent distinction and charm by the portraits which hang thereon, and the furniture of this eighteenth century room is of mahogany and rosewood, the chief ornament being the piece of bronze on the centre table, which is one of Barye's famous bits.

The drawing-room on the right of the hall adjoining the library cherishes much of historic interest, for here have always gathered famous men and women, too many of whom are now sad wraiths that haunt the living present in longing for irrecoverable days. Among the choice portraits hanging here is a noted one of Colonel John Eager Howard, who was voted a medal by Congress for bravery at the battle of Cowpens, this medal being now one of the most prized of all the Kenmore treasures. Harding's portrait represents the kindly face of the old aristocrat with a half-genial, half-humorous expression about the mouth. His white hair attests that he had then been married many years to that celebrated, fractious beauty, Mistress Peggy Chew, and the plain, dark coat, beneath which shows a lighter waistcoat topped with an old-fashioned stock, is that of the elderly gentleman of post-Revolutionary times. In the drawing-room are

again seen the wonderful ceiling and mantel decorations. Still true to the Colonial period, the room holds neither superfluous furnishing nor ornaments, the most conspicuous among the latter being the marble busts placed in the chimney alcoves, which came from the hand of the far-famed Powers.

In the midst of such delightful surroundings, where history and romance are so closely mingled, one readily gives way to silent revery and wistful thoughts of the times and of the people who lived before. Throughout the mansion are evidences of the wealth and culture of the eighteenth century architect-builder, aided and augmented by the generations who have succeeded to the beautiful old home.

Occupying a very prominent position, Colonel Lewis, on being proposed for the office of County Lieutenant for Spottsylvania in 1757, was thus written of by Colonel John Thornton: "Col. Fielding Lewis, a gent. of fortune and character in the county and much esteemed by the people, who I make no doubt would readily exert themselves under such a Gent. in case of a sudden call to the defence of our frontier." He was appointed by the General Assembly held at Williamsburg in 1761 one of the commissioners to

examine into the accounts of the militia lately ordered into active service, and in 1772 was commissioned with others to strike the dividing line between King George and Stafford Counties. Being a man of great public spirit, Colonel Lewis, though prevented from active duty by ill health, gave his money freely to the patriot cause, forwarding at one time £7000 sterling to carry on the manufacture of arms. In fact, at one time he was so much embarrassed by the advances he had made to the Colony of Virginia that he was unable to pay his taxes.

Colonel Lewis, born July 7, 1725, died at Kenmore in 1781, when his children scattered over the country. The estate was sold to Mr. Gordon, from whom it was bought by Mr. Thomas S. Barton in 1796. Mr. Barton, who was prominent during the Civil War, was the son of Lieutenant Seth Barton, a gallant young officer of Rhode Island who distinguished himself during the Revolution, while his son of the same name was a general in the Confederate army.

About twenty-five years ago the property was bought by Mr. W. Key Howard. Mr. Howard, of one of the most illustrious families in the country, was the grandnephew of Francis Scott Key, of " Star-spangled Banner " fame, and his

portrait hangs at Kenmore near those of Lieutenant William Howard and the renowned Colonel John Eager Howard. When the fine old homestead came into his possession, it was in very bad repair, never having recovered from the effects of the Civil War, the scars of which showed only too plainly. The grounds, now so charmingly restful, were then used as a common, without regard to the damage, and the atmosphere of the entire surroundings was one of inertia born of years of strife and struggle for a lost cause.

But bright days have once more come to Kenmore, and the historic mansion, in its setting of grand old trees and velvet greensward, harmonizes softly with springtime verdure or gleams in contrast to winter snow. With the first bird-song of early April, narcissuses uncover their winsome faces, followed in sequence by double jonquils clustered over the lawn in great splashes of brightest gold: Mary Washington's loved and cherished blossoms, blooming for this generation in honor of auld lang syne.

Kenmore, in its lengthy existence, has sheltered many men of many minds. The walls of the historic mansion have responded to the mirth of Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, and other boon companions, and again to the sighs of the

actors in a later and more bitter war. Owned always by the makers of history, it is revered as the home of the same, and, as season follows season and years lengthen into centuries, the air and breath of old-time glory hang over the venerable acres, which rest to-day in the quiet dignity of two hundred years ago.

BROOKE'S BANK

OME one has said that an old mansion is in itself a history; that its stories are the volumes, and its many rooms the chapters, illustrated by antique furniture, while the inmates form the characters, whether actors upon the stage of long ago or less picturesque figures of to-day. Just such a history is old Brooke's Bank, which discloses the identity of its first owners in its name.

Though the name of Brooke is found a number of times among the incorporators of the Virginia Company in the charter of 1609, there is a film of uncertainty regarding the exact date upon which the first of the family emigrated to America. Members of it, however, were living in Virginia and Maryland in the middle of the seventeenth century. According to one authority, Robert Brooke, of Maryland, married Mary, daughter of Thomas Baker and granddaughter of Sir Thomas Engham, knight, of Goodlestone. His

second wife was Mary Mainwaring, and a well-authenticated tradition claims it to have been their son Robert who came to Virginia, and was the ancestor of some of the most distinguished men in the State, among whom Governor Robert Brooke was a conspicuous figure.

Robert Brooke, the first of the name in Virginia, seems to have settled in Essex County, where he was justice in 1692, and married Catherine, the sister or daughter of Humphrey Booth, in 1689. The sons of this union were Robert, Jr., Humphrey, and William, the name of the first ranking more prominently than any in the family, he having been one of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, that picturesque order established by Governor Spotswood as the result of his famous tramontane expedition.

All told, there were but fifty in this expedition of pioneers and gentlemen, the object of which was to discover a passage over the Blue Ridge Mountains. This being effected, the name of George I. was cut upon a rock on the highest mountain, which was called Mount George, in honor of His Majesty, that next it being named Mount Alexander, for the exploring Governor. Owing to the rough and rocky travel, the horses required many shoes, an article but little used then in eastern Virginia, and which, playing such

an important part in the enterprise, was taken as the emblem. Upon their return, each gentleman is said to have been presented by Governor Spotswood with a tiny golden horseshoe, with jewels representing the nail-heads, and upon which was inscribed, "*Sic juvat transcendere montes.*" In the hope of encouraging the exploration of the back country, membership to this order was accorded by the Governor to any one who could prove that he drank the health of His Majesty on the summit of Mount George.

Robert Brooke, Knight of the Golden Horseshoe, married Phœbe ———, and moved to Farmer's Hall, now the Sale estate, in Essex, which he left to his son Robert, but which later went to his daughter Mary, who married Humphrey (?) Sale, a descendant of English landed gentry prominent since the time of Edward I., and whose son, Humphrey Sale, is spoken of in the will of Sarah Brooke, dated 1767. From Mary Brooke and Humphrey Sale sprang all the Virginia Sales, one of the oldest and most representative families of Essex, Rockbridge, and Bedford Counties.

On a tablet in the Court House at Tappahannock, Virginia, which was placed there by the descendants of the Horseshoe Knight in 1714, is engraved:

"In memory of
Robert Brooke, Gentleman, Justice
of ye old Court 1692–1706
and of
Robert Brooke, Jr., Deputy Clerk
of ye old Court 1700
and Horse Shoe Knight."

Beneath this were the horseshoe and the motto.

William, brother of Robert, Jr., and second son of Robert and Catherine Brooke, inherited lands in Essex County. About 1720 he married Sarah Taliaferro, to whom a grant of many acres was made by George II. in 1751, and it was by her that the present Brooke's Bank mansion was built, in 1751, in pursuance of directions in the will of her husband, who died in 1734.

The red brick dwelling, with green outer blinds and white wood-work, is a square two-story structure with quaint entrance porticos on both fronts, these with their double balconies furnishing the only ornamentation of a rather severe exterior. In the interior, of true Colonial lines, there is a wide hall running from door to door, broken midway by a graceful arch. The front of the house is occupied by the large drawing and dining rooms, on opposite sides, the library being in the rear. All the rooms show handsome panelling and wainscoting.

The grounds form three terraces on the river front, and in olden days were approached over circular stone steps. The mansion is placed near enough to the river to have suffered cruelly when the Federal gunboats were lying in the Rappahannock, and marks of shells fired from the Pawnee are still visible. Two balls entered the second story, and the one which lodged near the window has only recently been removed. The violence of the sudden concussion forced open a secret panel in the wainscoting in one of the first-floor rooms, where old wills and other valuable papers had been concealed for years. As the house was unoccupied at that time, many of these papers were undoubtedly lost, and some, owing to their age, have since gone to pieces, thereby robbing the family of much interesting historic matter.

When Sarah Taliaferro Brooke died, in 1764, the estate of 2200 acres went to her son William, who married Anne Benger, niece of Lady Spotswood, and survived his mother only a few months. His sister, Sarah Brooke, then inherited the plantation, and it is her will that is referred to above, under the date of 1767.

The next owner was John Brooke, who married Lucy Thornton in 1777, and left the

estate to his son William Thornton Brooke in 1788. The wife of the latter was Mary Whiting Baylor, and from them the homestead passed to their son, William Hill Brooke, the last owner of that name. In 1880 the old estate was sold to Dr. Walton Saunders, whose widow, now Mrs. St. George Hopkins, is the present possessor of the mansion and 400 acres, all that is left of the once great manor.

From the upper story of Brooke's Bank a very beautiful view of the Rappahannock may be had, of many miles in extent, for the stream is here unusually broad, and, from the elevated position of the mansion, seems to stretch very far. The high-ceiled rooms guard many romantic war-time secrets, which, sadly enough, we are destined never to know; but the wreckage of stormy days is visible no longer, and in spring the old-time jonquil and narcissus, once trampled beneath the soldiers' feet, lift their winsome faces, glorifying all the lawn. Memories cluster thickly about the historic plantation, which so well deserves the peaceful harvest it is reaping to-day—memories which belong to one and all who, seeing the old mansion, listen to the pretty legends and pitiful tales with which it has abounded since the days of the Horseshoe Knight.

BLANDFIELD

NOT far from the shores of the Rappahannock River is the quiet, ancient mansion of Blandfield, upon the face of which sorrow has struck many blows and and left some unhealing wounds. Scorches from the scars of war are plainly visible, and there hangs about its walls a gravity born of much suffering, blended with the comfort of having sheltered many generations of one line, though these generations have known to the full tears as well as smiles. Not once has the long-linked chain of births and deaths been broken, to be scattered far and near. From the quaint old windows out of which their forefathers gazed grandchildren now look. All the rooms are enveloped in historic associations, and from every corner is felt the peaceful influence of memories cherished through past ages and revered sacredly to-day.

The creator of this once sumptuous plantation

was William Beverley, grandson of the first of the name in Virginia. The prominence of this aristocratic family appears to have been noted in the time of King John, according to records found in the town of Beverley, England, where Thomas de Beverley was superintendent of the fortifications in the fifteenth century.

Robert Beverley, the Immigrant, came to Virginia about 1663 and took up lands in Middlesex County. In 1670 he was made Clerk of the House of Burgesses, which office he seems to have held throughout his life. History proves him to have been one of the most influential men in the Colony, though he was not always in sympathy with the popular cause. Being one of Governor Berkeley's staunchest supporters, he lent his strength towards the suppression of Bacon's Rebellion in 1676, winning thereby the disapproval of the Colonists in general, who censured him in no light terms. The commission issued by Berkeley appointing Major Beverley commander of his troops November 13, 1676, states: "Whereas, by many frequent and successful services to his Sacred Majesty, this Countrey, and me, his Majesties Governor of it, Major Robert Beverley hath approved himself to be most loyall, circumspect, and curagious in his

Majesties service for the good of his countrey, and the suppressing this late horrid Rebellion, begun by Bacon, and continued since his death by Ingram, Lawrence, Hansford, and others, the last of which he, the said Robert Beverley, with courage and admirable conduct, never to be forgotten, this day brought to me."

Though the true attitude of Beverley toward the Crown will be seen by the foregoing, in some way he seems to have incurred the displeasure of Francis Moryson, one of the commissioners sent from England to overthrow the Rebellion, who, after his return to Great Britain, wrote: "Beverley and Ludwell still continue the same mutineers, as we left them, and will never be other, but will undoubtedly cause new disturbances in the country as soon as the soldiers are gone."

Of the first wife of Robert Beverley little is known beyond her Christian name, Mary, but his second, Catherine, whom he married March 28, 1679, was the daughter or widow of Major Theophilus Hone, of James City County. On his death, in 1687, his estate is said to have been valued at about £31,000, his lands numbering 50,000 acres, which were divided among his eight children, Robert, the second of the name and son

of Mary Beverley, being by far the most distinguished.

Born about 1675, Robert Beverley spent his life on his beautiful estate in King and Queen County. He was a member of the House of Burgesses for a number of years, and was one of Spotswood's Knights of the Golden Horseshoe. In 1705 he wrote the "History of the Present State of Virginia," in which is found the phrase, "the almighty power of gold," which may be reckoned with Washington Irving's "almighty dollar."

Considering the fondness that the early Virginia planters showed for horses, the following from this same history is an interesting glimpse of the part horses played in 1700: "There is yet another kind of sport which the young people take great delight in, and that is the hunting of wild horses; which they pursue sometimes with dogs, and sometimes without. You must know they have many horses foaled in the woods of the uplands, that never were in hand, and are as shy as any savage creature. These, having no mark upon them, belong to him the first that takes them. However, the captor commonly purchases these horses very dear, by spoiling better in the pursuit; in which case he has little to make

BLANDFIELD

Erected by Robert Beverley about 1760

BEVERLEY

himself amends, besides the pleasure of the chase. And very often this is all he has for it; for the wild horses are so swift that 'tis difficult to catch them, and when they are taken 'tis odds, but their grease is melted, or else, being old, they are so sullen that they can't be tamed."

Robert Beverley 2nd married Ursula, daughter of Colonel William Byrd of Westover, who died in 1698, when but sixteen years of age, if the epitaph on the old tombstone at Jamestown spoke truly. Their only son, William Beverley, was born about 1698, and added to the large inheritance of his father by patents of many thousand acres. Having married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard and Elizabeth Randolph Bland of Prince George County, he gave his country-seat in Essex the name of Blandfield, in honor of his bride, the estate of 4000 acres having been bought in 1730 from James Booth, John Davis, and other patentees.

The manor-house, which he erected about 1760, has suffered but little change, and though it was slightly remodelled in 1852, the staunch brick walls and exterior design are as they were originally.

The great central building is joined to the unpretentious wings by means of unusually long

corridors, and the porticos are on substantial lines, in keeping with the simple severity of the exterior, of which the chief ornamentation is the dentilled cornice. An air of past ages pervades Blandfield, which becomes more poignant once the mansion is entered. Here the sad ruin of former grandeur greets both the untrained and the sympathetic eye, for the house was the scene of unwarranted vandalism during the Civil War. When the Federal gunboats were in the Rappahannock, the troops sent ashore from them struck madly right and left, and, landing at Blandfield, left the beautiful mansion and estate a glaring wreck of its former self. The hand-made panelling and wainscoting were wickedly torn from the walls, to be burnt or carried away. Family portraits from the brushes of masters were irreverently cut from their hanging places and thrown in among the furniture, of which it is said fifteen wagon-loads were taken off to beautify the houses of many who had desecrated another's home. In the catalogue of the Blandfield portrait-gallery, opposite to not one number only is the sad entry, " Taken by the enemy in 1864;" the names of old grandees and famous beauties may still be recorded, but always there follows the pathetic note, for the gallery was

robbed in its entirety and the irreplaceable contents scattered far and wide.

One of these portraits hangs now in the Congressional Library.

From the central hall, which measures seventy by thirty feet, two narrower hallways branch, and from these the stairways ascend to the upper floor. All told, there are twenty-four rooms in the mansion, and though most of the old furniture was included in the fifteen wagon-loads that lost their identity on the Federal gunboats, there are still choice bits scattered about, to remind one of the former splendor of the great rooms, with their store of priceless mahogany and walnut.

Fortunately, the library begun by Robert Beverley, the Immigrant, remains in part, and though the years have not increased its size to any extent, the five hundred volumes, which were gathered with care, render it, so we are told, one of the finest private collections in the South.

The grounds surrounding the venerable mansion contain five acres, but the old trees are giving place to those of later growth. Stately sycamores rear their heads in loving guardianship over the house walls, while firs and cedars lend their fresh greenery throughout the year. The fair old garden has never revived from the

storms of '64, but roses still bloom in abundance, and snowball trees canopy boxwood borders, while the wild flowers of nature link spring to summer. Gold-centred narcissuses and delicate snowdrops linger long in the fresh, green grass, and yellow jonquils mingle their faint scent with lilies of the valley. But when these early blooms have lost their color, the lawn is sheeted with brilliant buttercups to the very edges of the meadow lands.

Though the first of the Beverleys are not buried there, the old graveyard, that knew its sad beginning in the eighteenth century, guards many generations of Blandfield's dead within its vine-clad walls.

Not content with his other public offices, William Beverley wrote to England in March, 1742, applying for the Secretaryship of the Colony, and telling his correspondent that though the present Secretary, John Carter, was still living, he was ill and would probably die before the letter arrived at its destination. Evidently believing that time should be taken by the forelock, he directed that the office be bought for him, agreeing to pay £200 and more to secure the commission for which Secretary Carter had paid 1500 guineas. But Secretary Carter lived a bit longer

than was anticipated, and the well-laid plans of Colonel Beverley seem to have come to naught.

When William Beverley died, in or about 1766, Blandfield reverted to his eldest son Robert, the third of the name, who married Maria, daughter of Colonel Landon Carter of Sabine Hall. The next owner of the estate was Robert, son of the latter, who married Jane, daughter of Colonel John Tayloe of Mount Airy. James Bradshaw Beverley, who married Jane Peter of Georgetown, then inherited the old homestead, which passed to Robert, who married Jane Carter of Prince William County, and from them the plantation came into the possession of Robert Beverley, the sixth of the name, who married Richardetta Carter of Fauquier County. Thus it is that the present owner is the great-great-great-great-grandson of Robert Beverley, the Immigrant.

Some one has written: "The great proprietors of Virginia resemble the Polish Palatines. They have the same proud spirit of independence, and yet exact the greatest subordination from the people on their estates, and exercise the greatest hospitality." All this may be said of the owners of Blandfield, and though there is evidence of war-swept years about the rare old place, the

superenlightened twentieth century visitor who chances upon the restful spot will appreciate as keenly the words of the writer quoted as he who lived when a Beverley was the prime favorite of the King's executive.

A romantic film envelops every fresh flower blooming where the old garden was; a benignly tempered influence " seems to pass through the open doors to and fro like a tranquil blessing; it is beyond joy and pain, because time has distilled it from both of these; it is the assembled essence of kinship and blood unity, enriched by each succeeding brood that is born, is married, is fruitful in its turn, and dies remembered."

STRATFORD HALL

TO-DAY the tourist who travels up and down the picturesque Potomac may wonder and ask what is the great building resting stolidly upon the river's brow. He is told that it is Stratford Hall, the gift of a queen, scene of history and homestead of the renowned Lee family of Virginia.

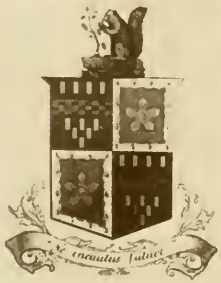
The Lees of Coton, from whom the Virginia branch is descended, date back to 1150, and played an important part in the history of England. In 1395 Sir Thomas Lee is spoken of. Humphrey Lee was made a baronet in 1620, and Sir Richard Lee was prominent in 1639.

In the reign of Charles I. a Richard Lee came from Shropshire and settled in York County, where, August 10, 1642, he patented 1000 acres of land. In 1663 Sir William Berkeley granted him 4000 acres in Westmoreland County, which was the beginning of the Stratford Hall estate.

Colonel Richard Lee was said to have been the first white man in the Northern Neck, where he bought land from the Indians, gaining their friendship through numerous small presents. The surname of his wife Anna is enveloped in obscurity, though there is a current belief that it was Hancock, and he is known to have been married in 1642. One glance at the superb portrait credited to Sir Peter Lely leaves the vivid impression of a remarkably handsome man, whose patrician features readily prove that he came of a gentle, knightly family of high position long before the ancestors of half the English peerage emerged from complete obscurity.

Colonel Richard Lee, Secretary of the Colony of Virginia, a member of the King's Council and of the House of Burgesses, died about 1664, leaving eight children, the eldest of whom, John, born about 1645, inherited the Westmoreland property; but as he died without heirs, this estate, which seems to have been about 16,000 acres, passed to his brother Richard. Richard Lee, the second of the name in Virginia, was born in 1647, and, like John, was educated at Oxford. Though it is impossible to obtain a complete record of his offices, he is known to have held many important positions. About the year 1674 he married

COLONEL RICHARD LEE
The Immigrant
From the painting by Sir Peter Lely



LEE

THOMAS LEE
President of Virginia Colony

Lætitia, daughter of Henry and Alice Eltonhead Corbin. The epitaph on his tomb states that "He quietly resigned his soul to God, whom he always devoutly worshipped, on the 12th day of March, in the year 1714, in the 68th year of his age."

By far the most noted of the sons of Richard Lee was Thomas, born in 1690, of whom his own son writes: "Thomas, the fourth son, though with none but a common Virginia Education, yet having strong natural parts, long after he was a man he learned the Languages without any assistance but his own genius, and became a tolerable adept in Greek and Latin. This Thomas, by his Industry and Parts, acquired a considerable fortune; for being a younger brother, with many children, his Paternal Estate was very small. He was also appointed of the Council, and though he had very few acquaintances in England, he was so well known by reputation that upon his receiving a loss by fire, the late Queen Caroline sent him over a bountiful present out of her own Privy Purse. Upon the late Sir William Gooch's being recalled, who had been Governor of Virginia, he became President and Commander in Chief over the Colony, in which station he continued for some time, 'til the King

thought proper to appoint him Governor of the Colony; but he dyed in 1750, before his commission got over to him."

On February 4, 1729, the Maryland *Gazette* published the following account of the fire alluded to above: "Last Wednesday night Col. Thomas Lee's fine House in Virginia was burnt, his office house and out-houses, his plate, cash (to the sum of £10,000), papers, and everything entirely lost. His lady and child were forced to be thrown out of a window, and he himself hardly escaped the flames, being much scorched. A white girl about twelve years old (a servant) perished in the fire. It is said Col. Lee's loss is not less than £50,000."

It is not probable that this fire occurred at Stratford, but the "bountiful present" referred to by Colonel Lee's son was the money with which the present manor-house is said to have been built, about 1725 or 1730. This mansion, which contains at least twenty rooms, presents architecturally the shape of an H, a twenty-five by thirty foot hall connecting the wings, each thirty by sixty feet. The lower portion of the unusual edifice is built of heavier brick than the upper, the walls being of great thickness, while the most pronounced exterior features are the quaint chim-

STRATFORD HALL

The birthplace of Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee and Robert E. Lee

neys, of two groups of four each, placed at either end of the roof.

The double-fronted hallway is approached by a series of inconspicuous steps on both fronts. Its vaulted ceiling is particularly high, and into the oak-panelled walls are set book-shelves, proving its use always to have been as a library or living-room. On the sides, between the book-shelves, are doors leading into the wing rooms, in the right of which Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, and Robert E. Lee are said to have been born.

Placed equally distant from the four corners of the mansion are small buildings that served as office, store-rooms, and kitchen, the latter having an enormous fireplace measuring in length twelve feet, in height six, and in depth five; all old chroniclers tell us that it was " capable of roasting a fair-sized ox."

The parts of the original stable still standing show it to have been very large, and the garden enclosed in a crumbling brick wall still offers its quota of fruits and flowers.

In 1790 a grandson of Governor Lee visited the homestead, sending this delightful description of the place to his father: " Stratford, the seat of my forefathers, is a place of which too

much cannot be said, whether you consider the venerable magnificence of its buildings, the happy disposition of its grounds, or the extent and variety of its prospect. Stratford, whose delightful shades formed the comfort and retirement of my wise and philosophical grandfather, with what a mixture of awe and pious gratification did I explore and admire your beauties!! What a delightful occupation did it afford me, sitting on one of the sofas of the great hall, to trace the family resemblance in the portraits of all my dear Mother's forefathers, her father and mother, her grandfather and grandmother, and so on upwards of four generations. Their pictures, drawn by the most eminent artists of England, and in large gilt frames, adorn one of the most spacious and beautiful halls I have ever seen. There is something truly noble in my grandfather's picture. He is dressed in a large wig flowing over his shoulders (probably his official wig as President of the Council), and in a loose gown of crimson sattin, richly ornamented. I mention the dress, as it may serve to convey to you some idea of the stile of the picture. But it is his physiognomy that strikes you with emotion: a blend of goodness and greatness, a sweet yet penetrating eye, a finely marked set of

features, and a heavenly countenance. Such I have almost never seen. Do not think me extravagant; my feelings were certainly so when I dwelt with rapture on the portraits of Stratford, and felt so strong an inclination to kneel to that of my grandfather. It was with difficulty that my Uncles, who accompanied me, could persuade me to leave the hall to look at the gardens, vineyards, orangeries, and lawns which surround the house."

On the 17th of May, 1722, Thomas Lee was married to Hannah Ludwell, of James City County, daughter of Colonel Philip Ludwell. The marriage bond in Governor Lee's own writing still exists, a curious document reading: "Know all men by these presents that Thomas Lee of Westmoreland County in Virginia, Gentleman, and Francis Lightfoot of Charles City County, Gentleman, doe owe and stand indebted to Philip Ludwell of Greenspring in James City County in Virginia, Esq., in the sum of twelve hundred pounds of Lawfull money of England, to the payment whereof well and truly to be made to the said Philip, and his Execut's, Administrators, or certain Attorney at Greenspring, upon demand, we bind Ourselves and either of us, our and either of our heirs, Execut's,

and Administrators, by these presents sealed with our Seals and dated this twenty third day of May, Anno Domini one thousand Seven hundred and Twenty two.

" The condition of this obligation is such that whereas a marriage is intended to be had and Solemnized betwixt the Above bound Thomas Lee and Hannah, the daughter of the above said Philip, with whome the said Thomas is to have and receive in marriage six hundred pounds sterling money of England, which was given to her by Philip Ludwell and Benjamin Harrison, Esqrs., her grandfathers: now if the said marriage shall be had and Solemnized, and the said six hundred pounds sterling shall be paid to the said Thomas, and he shall depart this life leaving the said Hannah Surviving; then in that case, if the heirs, Execut's, or Administrators of the said Thomas or one of them shall pay and deliver to the said Hannah upon demand the Sum of 600 lbs. of good and Lawfull money of England, or Such part of the Estate of the said Thomas as the law appoints for widows' dowers, which she the said Hannah shall Choose, which Choice shall be made within one Month after such decease if thereunto required and not sooner, then this obligation to be void, otherwise to remain in full force."

Perhaps no marriage in American history ever resulted in so many distinguished sons. The heir at law being Philip Ludwell Lee, he succeeded his father in the homestead, having been born February 24, 1726. His wife was Elizabeth Steptoe, of Westmoreland, who, on his death, in 1775, married Philip Richard Fendall, and continued to live at Stratford, which went to her daughter, Matilda Lee. This eldest daughter of Colonel Philip Ludwell Lee, known as the "divine Matilda," was the first wife of General Henry Lee, her cousin, the "Light Horse Harry" of the Revolution and the son of Henry and Lucy Grymes Lee. It was during his Congressional career that General Lee made the famous eulogy of Washington, coining the immortal phrase, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." General Lee was also Governor of Virginia, and after the death of his first wife married Anne, daughter of Charles Carter of Shirley, who was the mother of Robert E. Lee.

Stratford was inherited by Major Henry Lee, born in 1798, the son of Matilda and Major-General Henry Lee. In 1817 he married Anne, daughter of Daniel McCarty of Westmoreland, and when he died in 1837 was succeeded in the

estate by his son, Charles Carter Lee, who, born about 1808, was the last of the famous family to own the old homestead, noted as the birthplace of history and the headquarters of the nobility and genius of the Virginia Commonwealth.

From Charles Carter Lee Stratford Hall went to Mrs. Starke, who, born a Miss McCarty, was the sister-in-law of Major Henry Lee, and who lived there for some years after the Civil War. On her death she left the manor-house and 1000 acres to her nephew, Dr. Richard Stewart, who is the present owner. It should be gratifying to the country at large to know that an option on the historic estate has lately been secured by the Lee Memorial Birthplace Committee appointed by the Virginia State Camp, Patriotic Sons of America. The purpose of this committee is that once the property becomes theirs, it will be presented to Virginia in trust for the people of America.

Stratford Hall is truly a history in itself, and a beautiful illustration of the customs and life of its period. Since its erection the glorious history of America has been made, and a number of those prominent in the making were born under its very roof. A new nation has been given to the world, a nation second to none. The hero-creating

Revolution, with a later and deadlier war, has come and gone, and all this has the old homestead lived through.

To-day there may be an apparent want of things about the beautiful estate, once the most important stopping-place along the King's Highway, but now well-nigh inaccessible owing to inadequate transportation facilities. Stratford might irreverently be called by some far behind the times, yet even the uninitiated will admit its soothing atmosphere and the stealing over his senses of an exquisite, rare content born of the restful feeling that belongs to the peaceful country scene.

The old cemetery, once under a brick house, consisted originally of a deep vault with separate alcoves for different branches of the family. Some years ago, the brick walls being in a crumbling state, the owner of Stratford had them pulled down, making in their stead a large mound, upon the top of which he placed the tombstone of Governor Lee, inscribed, "In memory of the Hon. Thomas Lee, whose body was buried at Pope's Creek Church, five miles above his country-seat, Stratford Hall, in 1756."

That this manor-house has long outlived its generation is shown by the words of Bishop

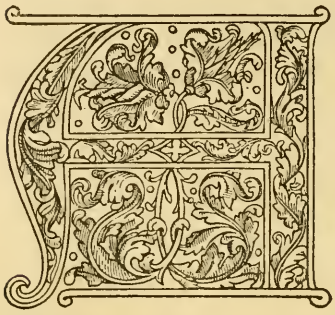
Meade, who says truly that " Some mournful thoughts will force themselves upon us when considering the ruins of churches, of mansions, and of cemeteries in Westmoreland. By reason of the worth, talents, and patriotism which once adorned it, it was called the Athens of Virginia. But how few of the descendants of those who once were its ornaments are now to be found in it! Chantilly, Mount Pleasant, Wakefield, are now no more. Stratford alone remains."

It is very easy in the midst of these surroundings, as romantic as they are historic, for the imagination to run rampant; for here one finds a delightful spot that has fortunately escaped nineteenth and twentieth century reconstruction, its possessors having wisely believed that the mansion and estate which harbored so many of the nation's greatest men need not the touch of those who have come after, to lend them usefulness, dignity, or charm.

What a story of revelry, of sacrifice, of tragedy, and of joy could the old Hall tell! But, brooding sadly over its wonderful past, the mansion is sombre now. Civilization has left to itself the spot which once civilized such a great part of the country, but there are tangled rose-vines still clinging about it, and the ivy's embrace keeps off

the chill, while the wide-spreading branches of venerable trees yet lend their shadows as they lovingly did of yore. The grass-grown walks look old and lonely, and there are aged and cobwebby boxwood hedges; all of which may be unused, but can never be forgotten, for Stratford Hall has sheltered in the past too many of the noblest Virginians ever known.

GUNSTON HALL



FTER the last battle of that bloody English conflict was lost by Charles II. in 1651, many of the royal adherents fled, taking refuge in the new Colony beyond the Atlantic.

Among the old Virginia families who trace their beginning in America to this Cavalier immigration are the Masons, who claim descent from George Mason, a member of the Long Parliament, dissolved by Cromwell after the death of Charles I. Family tradition holds that Colonel Mason was born in Staffordshire, though belonging to the family in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire.

In the vault of the Masons in the old church in Stratford-upon-Avon are many monuments and tablets, the earliest bearing the name and date of Daniel Mason, 1689.

In 1625 a William Mason was a member of

Parliament, while in 1628 a Robert Mason represented Winchester in the same assemblage.

Still earlier, in 1607, a Captain Mason is found in the list of those composing the London Company, and in 1620 the name of George Mason appears, he being undoubtedly the "Captain Mason" referred to earlier. The Christian name George, which has descended from father to son down to the present time in Virginia, seems to point convincingly to the supposition that the Cavalier Immigrant was the son of the Mason of the London Company.

In the year 1655 George Mason patented 900 acres of land in what was then Westmoreland County, the land having been given him for bringing eighteen persons into the Colony—"head rights," as they were called. Whether his marriage was celebrated in America or England is very uncertain, nor is the surname of his wife, whom he spoke of as "Mary," known.

In 1674 George Mason was made County Lieutenant, the highest office in Stafford, which county, carved from Westmoreland, was supposedly named by Mason for his native shire. This office, known in the early records as that of "Commander of Plantations," was in England held only by knights. When he died, in 1686, his

estates as well as his offices were inherited by his son of the same name, who married first Mary Fowke, of an old family in Staffordshire which is still represented among the landed gentry of England. His second wife was Elizabeth Waugh, the third being Sarah Brent (?). The lands, which he had greatly increased by purchase, went to his children when he died in 1716; among whom George, the third of the name in Virginia, was the most prominent.

George Mason 3rd, grandson of the Immigrant, was born in 1690, and married Anne Thomson, daughter of Stevens Thomson, Attorney-General of the Old Dominion in the reign of Queen Anne. He was prominent in public life, and was one of Spotswood's "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe," though perhaps his most important rôle was played as the father of the eminent statesman, George Mason of Gunston Hall.

Born in 1725, the latter, on attaining his majority, left his mother's plantation and went to live on his hereditary estate in Dogue Neck. In 1750 he married Anne Eilbeck, a celebrated beauty and the daughter of Colonel William Eilbeck of Maryland, whose wife was a Miss Edgar. One tradition names Anne Eilbeck as the "low-

GEORGE MASON

From the portrait by Hesselius

land beauty" of Washington's early romance. At the time of his marriage George Mason was described as "young, wealthy, handsome, and talented; he must have been at this time a distinguished figure among the *jeunesse dorée* of the Northern Neck."

The first entry in the family Bible is made in Mason's own writing, and reads: "George Mason, of Stafford County, Virginia, aged about twenty-five years, and Anne Eilbeck, the daughter of William Eilbeck, of Charles County, Maryland, merchant, aged about sixteen years, were married on Wednesday, the fourth day of April, in the year 1750, by the Rev. Mr. John Moncure, Rector of Overwharton parish, Stafford County, Virginia."

It was about this date that the famous portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Mason were painted by Hesselius. In the former the regular features are dominated by the deep, expressive brown eyes. He wears the short wig of the period, and his dress, though far from that of a fop, is elegant in the extreme. The portrait of his girl-wife shows a youthful beauty of the most exquisite and extraordinary type. The eyes are black, in wonderful contrast to the shell-pink complexion, above which gleam masses of auburn hair.

Soon after this marriage, which proved to be the happiest of unions, Gunston Hall was begun, the original structure now being one of the few Colonial dwellings standing intact upon the shores of the broad Potomac.

The brick mansion, with cut stone quoins, gambrel roof, and four great chimneys, is built on no particular lines, Colonel Mason having been his own architect, as is evidenced by the curiously interesting pentagonal porch that adorns the river front. Carved red and white columns connected by lattice-work uphold the pretty portico, which in June is smothered under rose-vines that climb and twine about it in an affectionate effort to hide the scars of time.

The main entrance from the land side, over mossy and uneven stone steps, leads up to a large porch, from which the wide hall, typical of the finest Southern mansions of the day, is entered. The stairway, ascending from one side of the rear, is relieved on the first landing by superbly carved panels which reach from floor to cornice on either side, forming two graceful arches which meet in the centre of the ceiling, where a carved wooden pineapple depends.

Even the untrained eye wonders at the doorways, which, in proportion to the extravagant height of the walls, seem inadequately low.

GUNSTON HALL

The home of one of America's greatest statesmen, George Mason

The handsomest apartment in the mansion is the historic white drawing-room at the south front of the house, the scene of many brilliant and ceremonious affairs of the first owner's day. The two doors that lead into this room, in common with the two large windows and chimney recesses, are encased in Corinthian pilasters, the panelled doors also being finished with carving in the flower and scroll design. Throughout the interior the wood-work is ornate and beautiful, George Mason having imported from England workmen who spent, so the story goes, three years in accomplishing their task. Some years ago a Northern architect who visited Gunston Hall in quest of new ideas from old examples offered $3000 for the wood-work of the drawing-room alone.

The stately dining-room and library are more plainly, though still handsomely, wainscoted and corniced. Loitering in one of these hospitable corners, it is not difficult to picture the distinguished guests of an age long dead, whose wraiths must present an imposing array when they return, as the old legends say they do, in memory of their golden days.

Jefferson's room is still pointed out; Lafayette's room, too, has place in the annals of Gun-

ston Hall, in connection with those of other eminent men who helped to make the wonderful history of Virginia. A dreamy trance lays hold of the stranger guest who crosses for the first time the threshold of this hall of fame.

The walk which leads from the mansion to the terraced gardens, or "Falls," as Mason loved to call them, is hedged on either side by trees of rare flowering boxwood. Here from a commanding knoll one looks down upon two miles of the historic Potomac, on the blue waters of which vessels with their snowy sails pass up and down in ceaseless procession. Rolling back toward the horizon are the smiling meadow lands, in pleasing contrast to the forests, of miles in extent.

The old "King's Highway," with its gilded chariots and gold-laced cavaliers, has long been unused, but the unchanging, immortal watery highway still caresses the shores of the old plantation as it did for the noble statesman of an age forever irrecoverable.

At the beginning of the Revolution, in the summer of 1776, Dunmore's fleet came up the Potomac, meaning, it was believed, to ravage Gunston Hall, but the following letter from Mason to Washington, written a little later,

shows that if any attempt was made it proved unsuccessful:

"Dunmore has come and gone, and left us untouched except by some alarm. I sent my family many miles back in the country, and advised Mrs. Washington to do likewise as a prudential movement. At first she said, 'No, I will not desert my post;' but she finally did so with reluctance, rode only a few miles, and, plucky little woman as she is, stayed away only one night."

George Mason, the stern patriot, who died at his beautiful country-seat, was buried in the old graveyard in October, 1792, and now sleeps quietly in a spot blue with loyal periwinkle or green under a mantle of clinging English ivy. For years there was not even the simplest slab to mark his resting-place, but in 1869, through the Sons of the Revolution, a granite shaft was erected to his memory.

Let one of his descendants sum up the character of this remarkable man: "In making an estimate of George Mason's character and abilities, we can but retouch the picture as portrayed by the more intelligent and sympathetic of his contemporaries. One of a famous group of historic figures, the friend and associate

of Washington, Richard Henry Lee, Jefferson, Madison, Patrick Henry, they have all helped us, directly or indirectly, to see him as he lived and walked among them. Though we obtain no sketch of George Mason from the lips of Washington and Lee, we are not left in doubt as to their high regard for him. Washington's free and intimate correspondence, carried on for the greater part of a lifetime, attests his estimation of the sterling traits of character and the eminent talents of his friend. And this impression is scarcely impaired at the last by the few slighting words Washington suffered himself to write of Mason when his early ally and familiar companion had become his determined political opponent. Richard Henry Lee seems to have had George Mason's entire confidence all through his career, and we cannot fail to perceive how thorough was Lee's appreciation of Mason, with whom he was in complete sympathy, apparently, on all the great issues of the eventful years in which they labored together, first for independence of Great Britain, and secondly for the independence of the state against Federal aggression. Jefferson, from first to last, looked upon George Mason as one of the wisest of Virginians, or indeed of his contemporaries on the

theatre of the American Revolution. These two statesmen, George Mason and Thomas Jefferson, bore the relation, more fully perhaps than Jefferson himself perceived, of master and disciple in the school of states' rights, 'though Jefferson, like Madison, did not at first see with the elder sage's clear vision."

James Madison, when asked by a grandson of Mason for some personal recollections, wrote: " The biographical tribute you meditate is justly due to the merits of your ancestor, Colonel George Mason. It is to be regretted that, highly distinguished as he was, the memorials of him on record, or perhaps otherwise attainable, are more scanty than of many of his contemporaries far inferior to him in intellectual powers and public services. It would afford me a pleasure to be a tributary to your undertaking. But although I had the advantage of being on the list of his personal friends, and, in several instances, of being associated with him in public life, I can add little for the pages of your work."

In the Virginia State Library, preciously guarded by a glass case, is what is believed to be the only original draft of the Virginia Bill of Rights, which instrument has placed Mason's name among those of the immortals who made American history what it is.

Mason's loyalty to his country is amply proven in the simple changing of one word in the motto which came to him "*Pro patria semper,*" but was left to his son, George Mason 5th, who inherited Gunston Hall, as "*Pro republica semper.*"

The war-cloud of '61 hung low over this "Peninsula principality," then in the possession of the grandson of the founder. To the lawless soldier the venerable manor-house, enveloped in its film of historic association, was no more than the lowliest cabin. The beautiful gardens were sadly trampled, rare old trees were felled by the axe, and in some of the rooms of the mansion the panelling and wainscoting were torn from the walls, and the historic structure was robbed of all but its glorious memories.

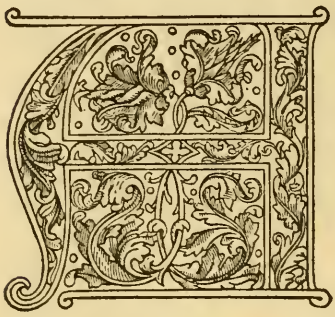
A few years later, that part of the estate still suffering cruelly from the effects of the war was sold to General Robert Gibson Smith, of New Jersey, and immediately the work of restoration was begun. This was fully accomplished by Mr. Joseph Specht, of St. Louis, who bought the place from General Smith. Lately Gunston Hall has once more changed hands, being now owned by Mr. Paul Kester.

So again the sun shines brightly over the proud plantation. The overgrown hedges and way-

ward rose-vines have felt the needed touch of care. The grass that was trampled by soldiers, or scorched by heavy shells, once more carpets the picturesque grounds, and from the terraced gardens a wealth of fragrant blossoms breathe promises of peace and calm repose.

And when the midnight hour comes over the ancient Hall, a shadowy throng of noble spectres hold misty carnival in memory of a noble name.

WOODLAWN



MONG the rare Virginia homesteads famed in the early days for a bountiful hospitality, for distinguished guests and magnificent surroundings, none took precedence of Woodlawn, which, on the high bank of the Potomac River, stands to-day as staunch and firm as it did for the winsome bride of years ago.

Excepting only Mount Vernon, perhaps no other of Virginia's historic estates appeals so strongly to Americans and foreigners alike, for this manor was a part of the Mount Vernon tract; its mistress was reared and educated under the affection and care of the first President of the country; its master was his nephew, who had won laurels as a soldier, and the mansion was erected through the munificence of the nation's greatest idol.

The beginning of Woodlawn as an estate was

COLONEL DANIEL PARKE
Aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough
Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller

NELLIE CUSTIS
Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

in 1799, the 2000 acres being Washington's wedding-gift to his beautiful ward, Nellie Custis the granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, who on February twenty-second of that year was married to Major Lawrence Lewis. This wedding, which has been the inspiration of artists and authors alike, has come down in history as one of the most notable in the country, and is said to have been the culmination of Washington's worldly desires, uniting as it did the two beings most loved by him.

Nellie Custis was the daughter of Eleanor, daughter of Benedict Calvert, sixth Lord Baltimore, who in 1698 married Lady Charlotte Fitzroy, and John Parke Custis, of no less distinguished lineage, the first of the name having come to Virginia in 1640. Among his most celebrated relatives was Colonel Daniel Parke, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough, of whom Sir Godfrey Kneller has left a superb portrait, which now hangs at Brandon, on the lower James.

On being made Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, Washington appointed John Parke Custis one of his staff, the latter being his aide at the siege of Yorktown, in 1781.

Eleanor Parke Custis, or "Nellie," as she is

always called, was born at Abingdon, her father's country-seat on the Potomac, March 21, 1778, but on his death, immediately after the Revolution, was adopted by Washington, and made Mount Vernon her home.

Her portrait, done by Gilbert Stuart, shows a sweet-faced, serious girl of eighteen, dressed in the simple Empire gown of the period, filmy in texture and scant in design. The soft, clear flesh-tones blend into the pure white of the gown. The features, so strikingly regular, and the deep, pensive eyes show to advantage beneath the dark curls massed carelessly on top of the head, where they are caught with a few white blossoms.

A distinguished writer of that time said of Nellie Custis, " She has more perfection of expression, of colors, of softness, of firmness of mind, than any one I have ever seen before; " so one marvels not that she was the admired of all who frequented the White House during the years of Washington's administration.

The story of the Lewis family is much too long to be told here. The first of the name who came to Virginia, in 1635, is said to have been descended from the Earl of Dorset, and no armorial bearings in the country are as interesting as those borne by this family. There is a good bit

of controversy regarding the name of the first Lewis in Virginia, some asserting him to have been General Robert Lewis, of Brecon, Wales, who in 1650 patented 33,333⅓ acres of land in Gloucester County, while other authorities dispute both the name and the grant.

However that may be, there was certainly a Lewis in Gloucester County who left a son, John Lewis, who married Elizabeth Warner, and was the father of John Lewis, born in 1692. This John married Frances Fielding, and they were the parents of Fielding Lewis, born July 7, 1725. Colonel Fielding Lewis married Betty Washington, she being his second wife, and in the family Bible now in the possession of the Lewises of Marmion, King George County, is the entry, in the handwriting of Colonel Fielding Lewis: "Our ninth, a son, Lawrence Lewis, born April 4, 1767. Mr. Charles Washington and Mr. Francis Thornton God fathers, and Miss Mary Dick, God mother."

The word-picture painted by one of the contemporaries of Lawrence Lewis is more apt than any that could be given by those who know him only as an actor in the drama of long ago: "I remember him well, and entirely concur with those who supposed him to exhibit a remarkable

likeness to his uncle, the General; at least, he was in appearance so much like the best pictures of Washington that any one might have imagined he had actually sat for them."

It is plain to be seen that the marriage of Lawrence Lewis and Nellie Custis was one of more than passing interest. Mount Vernon was in gala attire for this early wedding, which took place in the presence of the Dandridges, Lewises, Bushrods, Masons, Lees, Calverts, Carrolls, Custises, Blackburns, and numerous other distinguished families.

Flowers bloomed in the great drawing-room; myriads of wax tapers cast their soft glow about the merry assemblage, upon which the impassive faces of early ancestors looked down from their tarnished frames. Dainty maids with red-heeled slippers tripped through the stately minuet with lace-cravatted gallants who still wore the periwig. Never was there a scene more brilliant, or two beings more favored than they who were united amidst such beautiful surroundings.

In the will of George Washington, dated July 9, 1799, the Woodlawn estate is defined as " all that tract of land north of the road leading from the ford of Dogue Run to the Gum Spring, as described in the devise of the other part of the

WOODLAWN

The home of Nellie Custis

tract to Bushrod Washington, until it comes to the stone and the three red or Spanish oaks on the knowl—thence with the rectangular line to the back line, between Mr. Mason and me—thence with that line westerly along the new double ditch to Dogue Run by the tumbling dam of my mill—thence with the said run to the ford aforementioned, to which I add all the land I possess west of said Dogue Creek, bounded easterly and southerly therby—together with the Mill and Distillery, and all other houses and improvements on the premises."

The name Woodlawn was given the estate in memory of one of the old Lewis homes in Culpeper County, and the manor-house, erected in 1805, was in accordance with the last will of Washington, which also bequeathed to these favored beings of his affection a large amount of money for that purpose.

Woodlawn was then, as it is now, one of the most pretentious of the Potomac River homesteads, being much more stately than Mount Vernon, and a fitting abode for a family of the high position of Major Lewis and his bride.

The brick mansion is placed upon a hill commanding a superb view of the river, which here branches into a narrow cove, enclosing on two

sides the shores of the estate. A winding roadway climbs the steep slope to the terraced lawn, being there bordered with boxwood bushes of a century's growth and uniform size. Clumps of the same pungent shrub grow on either side of the river front, close to the house. In the rear the driveway is around a box-hedged circle, further adorned with an inner ring of that evergreen.

Here the pleasaunce, carpeted with thick turfing, is studded with monarch trees, oaks, maples, and lindens for summer shade, and conical firs and red-berried hollies for a touch of color against the neutral winter background.

The great manor-house has a most extraordinary frontage, consisting as it does of a large central building, sixty by forty feet, connected by covered corridors on either side with wings which in turn adjoin uncovered porches leading to a smaller annex. The red brick structure, with white stone window-arches and wooden portico, shows to-day no sign of its lengthy existence, and, though empty and neglected for some years, has responded nobly to the touch of those who have undertaken its rejuvenation with care not to mar or disturb the old lines. Ivy has been left to climb where it reached its tendrils in an age

gone by; the old landmarks have been replaced, and the entire mansion may be said to rejoice in the youth that comes of an old age.

At Woodlawn originally were many of the treasures now seen at Mount Vernon, for Nellie Custis was a child of fortune who lived her life under the brightest of stars. Under the roof of the commodious mansion unbounded hospitality always reigned. Lafayette and other titled old-world dignitaries were often the guests of her whom they had known as a child at Mount Vernon. President Zachary Taylor, one of the greatest favorites of the fair chatelaine, spent many happy days as her guest at the beautiful plantation, where a life of mingled sunshine and roses was led for many years.

After the death of Major and Mrs. Lewis, the lands passed to their son Lorenzo, who married Esther Maria Coxe, of Philadelphia, and lived there for some time. In 1845 the estate was bought by the New Jersey Colony, and was subsequently divided into small farms; but it is the present owner of the old mansion, Miss Elizabeth Sharp, who has restored to their early grandeur the buildings that cost nearly $100,000.

There is no graveyard at Woodlawn to give rise to melancholy dreams of those who gave the

fair acres fame, for Mount Vernon was the family place of burial, and there may be seen on the marble monument:

"Sacred
to the memory of Eleanor Parke Custis,
granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, and adopted
daughter of General Washington.
Reared under the roof of the Father of his Country,
this lady was not more remarkable for the beauty
of her person than for the superiority of her
mind, and died, to be regretted, July 15, 1852,
in the seventy-fourth year of her age."

In her memoir of George Washington Parke Custis, Mrs. Robert E. Lee, the niece of Nellie Custis, says: "All who knew her were wont to recall the pleasure they had derived from her extensive information, brilliant wit, and boundless generosity. The most tender parent and devoted friend, she lived in the enjoyment of her affections. She was often urged to write her memoirs, which might even have surpassed in interest to her countrymen those of Madame de Sévigné and others of equal note, as her pen gave free expression to her lively imagination and clear memory. Would that we could recall the many tales of the past we have heard from her

lips; but, alas! we should fail to give them accurately."

Woodlawn is a picturesque bit of family history in Virginia, associated as it is with those who made the country, and whose ideas and manners are retained to-day, though they themselves live only in the halo of an unforgettable past.

TUCKAHOE

IN the midst of this prosiac age, when it is only in day-dreams and reveries that the famous figure of the Colonial Cavalier can be conjured up, we turn with gratefulness towards the old homesteads where he enjoyed his wealth, and something yet better, the peace of a quite mind.

It is with just such a feeling of appreciation that Tuckahoe is first seen, the oldest Randolph estate in the country, and though the years have depleted the acres, the mansion still shelters the descendants of the splendid family of him who built it in the long ago.

The Randolph name has been second to none in point of brilliancy throughout the history of America, the progenitor being William Randolph, who came from Yorkshire, England, to Virginia about 1660, and is said to have been descended from Mary, Queen of Scots. According to the best authority, the Robert Randolph

TUCKAHOE
Original seat of the Randolphs of Virginia

of Sussex who married Rose, the daughter of Thomas Roberts of Kent, was the great-grandfather of the Immigrant. William, the son of Robert, was born in 1572, and married first Elizabeth Smith, by whom he had a son, Thomas Randolph, born at Newnham in 1605 and known always as " the poet." Another son was Henry, who in 1643 came to Virginia, where he was Clerk of Henrico. The second wife of William Randolph was Dorothy, the Widow West, daughter of Richard Lane of Courtenall, she being the mother of Richard, born in 1621, who married Elizabeth Ryland and lived in Warwickshire. These were the parents of William Randolph, the Immigrant, who was born in 1651 and on coming to Virginia in 1666 succeeded to the office of his uncle.

Having bought, it is said, the whole of Sir Thomas Dale's settlement on the James, and other lands amounting to 10,000 acres, William Randolph settled on the plantation known as Turkey Island, so called from an island which was then but a short distance from the mouth of the Appomattox River and was noted for the wild turkeys which frequented it. He was a prominent member of the House of Burgesses and later of the King's Council.

In 1680, or about that year, Colonel Randolph married Mary Isham, the daughter of Henry Isham of Bermuda Hundred, Virginia, their fourth child being Sir John Randolph of Williamsburg, who married Susanna Beverley of Gloucester County. It is very probable that the mansion at Tuckahoe was built by him for his second son, Thomas, about 1700, Turkey Island having been inherited by the eldest son, William the Councillor. The general belief is, however, that the house was erected by Thomas Randolph himself after his marriage to Judith Churchill, which seems to have been about 1710.

The name of Tuckahoe was borrowed from the Indians, who called the creek which flowed through the estate Tuckahoe. The rather odd-looking mansion, built in the form of an H, is placed on the brow of a hill overlooking the James, and has much the appearance of two houses connected by a large central hall. In olden days the family lived exclusively in the rear wing, the front being reserved for guests, who were always there in plenty. The square hall, or salon, is very lofty, and is used as a living-room as of yore, being so placed that it commands the light and air from all four points of the compass. Owing, perhaps, to necessity, the

THE NORTH STAIR

Renowned in the architectural annals of the country

THE HALL AT TUCKAHOE

which forms the H of the building

wing ends are of brick laid in Flemish bond, the remainder of the building being frame, as were many houses of that time.

Those misguided beings who unthinkingly or ignorantly state that in the South the interior trim was less carefully thought out and executed than in the dwellings of the North would do well to visit Tuckahoe, where there are many beautiful examples of interior decoration of the early seventeen hundreds. The exquisite carving of the stairways and balustrades is particularly fine, and there is every indication that it was executed by foreign workmen imported for the purpose during the construction of the mansion. Though simple in design, the old mantels and fireplaces are perfect types of true Colonial art, never having been replaced by any of later date. The panelling of most of the rooms is of mahogany, and the entire staircase is of black walnut, which, though once barbarously painted, was scraped some years ago, and is now in its original state.

Much of the furniture placed there in the early days is still at Tuckahoe, one of the most interesting pieces being the old desk which records prove stood in the great salon in the time of William Randolph 2nd. Though most of the family portraits, with other cherished Lares and Penates,

now adorn other mansions, there are still hung upon the rich walls the likenesses of some early Randolphs, who greet one kindly from their ancient frames. Notable among these are copies of Stuart's superb portraits of Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Mann Randolph, the latter showing the half-length figure of a man of merry countenance. He wears the velvet coat of the period, and over his hands, one of which is thrust inside the satin waistcoat while the other holds carelessly a riding-whip, fall lace sleeve-ruffles.

The manor-house is set in the midst of forest trees of magnificent growth, the long avenue which forms its outer approach being bordered with ancient cedars, which give place to well-kept box hedges, these, near the house, being interlined with a row of trees of the same shrub.

The old garden, or "maze," as it is called, extends along one side of the mansion, and is one of the largest as well as the most beautiful of the old homesteads of the country. In the quaintly irregular flower squares and circles no new flowers have been allowed to supplant the modest old ones, and each bed knows always just one kind. In this grow only varicolored verbenas, and in that golden marigolds bloom triumphant. Then come meek gillyflowers and

SIR JOHN RANDOLPH

RANDOLPH

LADY RANDOLPH

From the paintings by E. C. Bruce at William and Mary College

scarlet poppies; pink sweet-william and shrinking lavender; inquisitive heart's-ease or stiff wall-flowers; gorgeous hollyhocks and columbines; larkspur, phlox, and meadowsweet. The effect is that of a huge bouquet, with green box dividing bright color from color. There is a subtle charm in the box-lined walks, with which it is easy to associate demure little ladies in mitts and kerchiefs keeping tryst with stately gallants in knee-breeches and powdered wigs. The Tuckahoe garden is primly formal, and possesses the grace of gentle breeding and an aged cultivation. Wandering in and out among the blossoms, pitying those who must have been loath to leave their beauty years ago, and marvelling at their loyal return as season follows season and century climbs over century, we remember that some one gave words to the beautiful thought: "What a desolate place would be a world without flowers! It would be a face without a smile; a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not our stars the flowers of heaven?"

The old school-house that still stands at Tuckahoe was, so tradition claims, Thomas Jefferson's alma mater, he having received his early education from the master of the young Randolphs of

that time. Whether this be true or not, there may yet be seen on one of the plastered walls, about three feet above the floor, the name of that master statesman written in a scrawling, boyish hand. The roof of the little frame building is now mossy with age, and the tree that might have been but a sapling when it was first built now towers protectingly above it, while the thicket in the rear of the historic walls has sprung up since the day of its distinguished pupils.

Tuckahoe, in common with most of the old landed estates, has its private burial-ground, wherein were laid to rest the lords of the manor and their families for generations. The three-foot wall surrounding the graveyard is of white-washed brick ornamented with stone; it was restored in 1892 by the descendants of the family, through the efforts of Miss Frances Dickens, a granddaughter of Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr. On the marble tablet set in the north side is inscribed:

"Randolphs of Tuckahoe
1698—1830
Fari Quæ Admirari
Church of England."

The large tablet on the east wall bears the following family record:

"Thomas Randolph B. at Turkey Island 1683
Judith Churchill Middlesex County
William Randolph B. at Tuckahoe 1712 D. 1745
Mary Page of Rosewell Gloucester County
Thomas Mann Randolph B. at Tuckahoe 1741
D. 1793
Ann Carey and Gabriella Harvie
Thomas Mann Randolph Jr. B. 1792 D. 1848
Harriet Wilson and Lucy Patterson
1st. Cor. 13th Chapt.
96th Psalm 12th Verse."

On the mural tablet of the west side is the inscription:

"Harriet Vaughan Wilson
Wife of
Captain Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr.
By their daughter
Mrs. Margaret Harvie Dickens."

On the death of Thomas Randolph, the estate was inherited by his son William, second of the name and line, who married Maria Judith, daughter of Mann Page of Rosewell, and it was their son, born in 1741 and called Thomas, of Tuckahoe, who brought the plantation into its greatest prominence.

Thomas Mann Randolph of Tuckahoe married first Ann, daughter of Colonel Archibald Carey

of Ampthill, and of their thirteen children Thomas Mann Randolph 2nd and Mary were the most distinguished; the former being Governor of Virginia in 1819 and the son-in-law of Thomas Jefferson, whose daughter, Martha Wayles, he married, and the latter, who married William Keith, being the grandmother of Chief-Justice Marshall.

After his first wife died, Thomas Mann Randolph married Gabriella Harvie, whose father owned the estate adjoining his Albemarle County plantation. Being very young when she married, and never outliving her early love-affair with an employee of her father's, by the name of Marshall, whom she wished to marry, Mrs. Randolph entered into a whirl of gayeties at Tuckahoe, the stories of which have added no little to the fame and prestige of the mansion.

On the death of Thomas Mann Randolph, in 1793, Tuckahoe was inherited by his son by his second marriage, Thomas Mann Randolph 2nd, so called in contradistinction to his half-brother of the same name who resided at Edge Hill in Albemarle County. Born at Tuckahoe in 1792, Thomas Mann Randolph 2nd married first Harriet Wilson and secondly Lucy Patterson, and was the last of the name to own the old home-

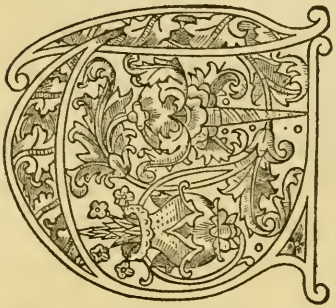
stead, which was bought in 1830 by Hezekiah and Edwin Wight.

Passing through various other hands, it was sold in 1850 to Joseph Allen, remaining in the possession of that family until 1898, when it went by purchase to Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge of Boston, who brought the historic estate back into the original line of owners, his mother having been Ellen Wayles Randolph, daughter of Thomas Mann Randolph of Edge Hill. Mr. Coolidge, being a grandson of Martha Jefferson, is the oldest living male descendant of Thomas Jefferson, while his five sons, who own the property with him, are the great-great-great-great-great-grandsons of William Randolph, the Immigrant.

Day-dreams and reveries must always be a part of the life at Tuckahoe, for it was near here that Nathaniel Bacon lived, and fancy pictures easily the haughty Cavalier rebel who dared to solve the same problem just one century before the Revolution. Sighs are born of knowledge of the outcome, and the most hardened heart flutters in sympathy for the early patriot, whose homestead and rolling acres were confiscated by the Crown, the 1230 acres being bought by William Randolph, in 1698, for the paltry sum of 150 pounds of tobacco.

It is over such historic ground that the twentieth century visitor to Tuckahoe looks, from its commanding situation on the high bank of the James, that beautiful plantation belt, instinct with the social prestige and historic romance of an era unfortunately irrecoverable. And it is with a sense of deep gratitude that one appreciates the domestic associations which cluster about the rare estate like a garland of fragrant flowers, and which lured back to the early homestead a patriotic son.

SHIRLEY



HAT the old homesteads of James River stand preëminent among the magnificent estates of Colonial times is a fact undisputed both in America and abroad, for the early planters of this section of Virginia left their records to live immortally under hallowed associations of historic legend and traditional romance.

Just four short years after the settlement of Jamestown, in 1611, Sir Thomas Dale, then Governor of the Virginia Colony, laid out and gave title to the plantation of Shirley, supposed to have been named for Sir Thomas Shirley, of Whiston, England.

In 1622, the year of the fearful Indian massacre, Shirley is spoken of as one of the best fortified places on the James, and here many of the survivors took refuge in the old block-house still to be seen. Some years after that, the lands

came into the possession of the Honorable, often called " Sir " Edward Hill, a member of His Majesty's Council and Speaker of the House of Burgesses in 1654. Colonel Hill also held the offices of Treasurer of Virginia, Judge of the Admiralty Court, and Commander-in-Chief of Surry and Charles City Counties.

On the death of Colonel Hill, in 1700, the estate of Shirley, which had become prominent as his country-seat, was inherited by his son, Edward Hill, who, dying without heirs, left it to his sister Elizabeth, a noted wit and beauty, who married John Carter of Corotoman, in 1723, since when it has remained in the possession of the Carter family.

John Carter, known always as the Secretary, having been appointed to that high office in 1722, was the eldest son of King Carter of Corotoman, whose father, John, the first of the name in Virginia, came from England about 1649 and is said to have married five times, which well accounts for the great number of Carters in the country to-day.

The handsome portrait of Secretary Carter, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, which still hangs on the drawing-room wall at Shirley, shows the high-bred features of a man in early life. His

"KING" CARTER

CARTER

JOHN CARTER

From the paintings by Sir Godfrey Kneller

velvet coat is set off by silver braid and buttons, and the silver-trimmed Continental hat is held easily in his right hand, leaving his flowing white wig uncovered.

That of Elizabeth Hill, which hangs near him, represents a young girl with large, soft eyes and fair hair. A mantle is thrown carelessly about her shoulders, and in her plump arms she carries a cluster of roses and jessamine and other old-fashioned flowers.

After the death of Secretary Carter, in 1742, his widow married Bowler Cocke, who held Shirley until he died in 1771, when the estate reverted to Charles Carter, the eldest son of the Secretary, who was the first of the name to live there.

Charles Carter, born in 1732, received his education at William and Mary College. He was in the House of Burgesses in 1758, and filled other important positions. He married first Mary W. Carter, his cousin, the daughter of Charles Carter of Cleve, his second wife being Ann Butler, daughter of Bernard Moore of Chelsea, King William County, and granddaughter of Governor Spotswood. Anne, the daughter of Ann Butler and Charles Carter, married General Henry Lee of Stratford,

"Light Horse Harry," of Revolutionary fame, and was the mother of Robert E. Lee.

Though the first house at Shirley was built by Colonel Edward Hill in 1650, it was his grandson, Charles Carter, who made extensive alterations after his second marriage in 1770. The roof he had changed from the quaint hipped style to a mansard relieved by dormer windows, thus giving it somewhat the appearance of a French château. He also added the porticos on both fronts of the mansion, and to him are accredited the beautiful cornices and panelling seen throughout the interior.

The large square structure, the bricks of which are laid in Flemish bond, stands on a high bluff about two hundred yards from the river, towards which the thickly turfed lawn slopes gently. It is set in the midst of forest trees, the grounds being lavishly adorned with here a gnarled and ivied yew and there an old elm or linden, while close to the water a superb clump of oaks shields the grand old homestead from the eager curiosity and prying eyes of those who pass up and down the river.

The garden on the south side of the house, which is entered through a curious gateway, was laid off by Mary Carter in early 1800. Broad

SHIRLEY

Built by Colonel Edward Hill in 1650

box-edged walks extend at right angles through the garden, where many rare plants and shrubs grow among the simpler flowers. Not only the garden but the entire rear lawn is enclosed with a wonderful box hedge, one of Shirley's most notable landscape features. And beyond, in a grove of tulip poplars, is the ancient graveyard wherein lie buried the many generations of Hills and Carters, the oldest tomb being that of Colonel Edward Hill, which was placed there in 1700.

From the land side, the approach to the estate is through woodland, picturesque in the gentle greens of early April or the more fantastic coloring of the autumnal months.

One of the chief features of the mansion on the interior is the richly carved mantel in the drawing-room, which shows the emblematic pineapple design. The doorway between drawing-room and dining-room has a heavily moulded casement surmounted by an exquisitely carved pediment, in which the pineapple is again seen. Upon the walls are rich old portraits, and the first to attract the eye is the likeness of John Carter, which is placed near that of Elizabeth Hill. The gentle, kindly face of Charles Carter looks from the canvas half reprovingly at his saucy-faced sister

"Betty," who as Elizabeth Byrd met such a shocking fate. In another part of the room the light falls upon the features of the beautiful Welsh lady, Miss Williams, who came to America as the bride of Colonel Edward Hill. It falls again upon the dimmed face of Colonel Hill himself, the builder of the mansion, which hangs near that of Spotswood's granddaughter, Ann Butler Moore, wife of Charles Carter of Shirley.

The three notable St. Memins are of William and Robert Carter, the sons of Charles, and Mary Nelson, the wife of Robert, who first planted the old garden.

The square hall is one of unusual size, with heavy panels. The quaint desk that sits beneath the famous stairway is the one upon which Charles Carter wrote many important despatches and the letters which are preserved to-day. In this hall hangs a portrait of renowned King Carter, as he appeared in middle life, the other being of Judith Armistead, his first wife.

In the dining-room the crested silver of the first Carter is still used and carefully watched over, showing to advantage against the antique mahogany furniture. The principal portrait in the dining-room is that of George Washington, by Charles Wilson Peale, which represents the

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT SHIRLEY

THE HALL AT SHIRLEY

life-sized figure of the gallant General in all his brave toggery.

Two other celebrated portraits among the collection at Shirley are of Peter Randolph and his wife, Lucy Bolling, whose mother, Jane, was the daughter of Thomas Rolfe, the son of Pocahontas.

In the midst of a busy public life Charles Carter found time to do much charity, generosity to the poorer classes being one of his most prominent characteristics. That he was an excellent man of business is proven in the fact that when he died, in 1806, he left 35,000 acres of land as well as £12,000 sterling. He was an ardent devotee of agriculture, and did much towards the furtherance of that pursuit. Some one has written of him: "His long life was spent in the tranquillity of domestic enjoyments. From the mansion of hospitality his immense wealth flowed like silent streams, enlivening and refreshing every object around. In fulfilling the duties of his station, he proved himself to be an Israelite indeed—in whom there was no guile."

Nor could a better insight into his true character be given than to quote the following letter, written by Mr. Carter to his old pastor in Lancaster County, the Reverend Mr. Currie:

"SHIRLEY, May 12, 1790.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Your letters, the one by Mrs. Carter, and the other enclosing your amiable daughter's to that good lady, are both come safe to hand, and you may rest assured that nothing could give my family a greater pleasure than to hear and know from yourself—that is to say, to have it under your own signature—that you still enjoy a tolerable share of health; and your friend, Mrs. Ann Butler, begs leave to join with me in congratulating both you and Mrs. Currie upon being blessed, not only with dutiful, healthy, and robust children, but clever and sensible. We rejoice to hear it, and pray God they may prosper and become useful members of society.

"As you are of Caledonian race, you may yet outlive a Buckskin; should it so happen, my will has directed five hundred acres of my land at Nantypyron to be laid off for the use of Mrs. Currie for and during her natural life. In the meantime, no power that I know of can deprive you of your right to the glebe. Our best wishes attend you and yours, and believe me when I subscribe myself, dear sir,

"Your affectionate friend and servant,

"CHARLES CARTER."

Of the twenty-three children of Charles Carter, Dr. Robert Carter, who married Mary, daughter of General Thomas Nelson of Yorktown, fell heir to Shirley. From him the estate

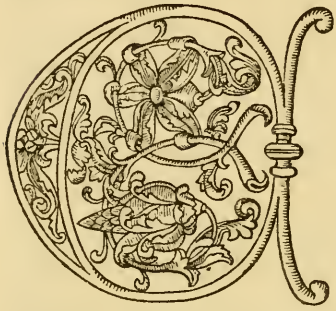
was inherited by his eldest son, Hill Carter, an officer in the United States Navy in 1812, who married Mary Braxton, daughter of Colonel Robert Randolph. Shirley next fell to his son, Robert Randolph Carter, U. S. A., who married Louise Humphreys, and their daughter, Mrs. Alice Carter Bransford, the present owner, is sixth in a direct line from Charles Carter of Shirley.

This estate suffered less from the wars than most of the old homesteads, and has since been kept in perfect repair, only needful restorations having been made, in accordance with the first owner's design.

The old dove-cote in one of the meadows shelters a large family of pigeons, many generations removed from the ancestors first taught to build there for the pleasure of a youthful Carter in the good old days.

Everywhere in this historic region are met places and people closely identified with the incidents and events marking our very dramatic beginning as a world-power, and no estate holds a greater store of history and romance than proud old Shirley, living to-day to tell the tale of what life used to be.

WESTOVER



CHASTELLUX, who, during his travels in the eighteenth century, was particularly impressed with that section of Virginia lying along the lower James, wrote: "We travelled six and twenty miles by a very agreeable road with magnificent houses in view at every instant, for the banks of James River form the garden of Virginia." And doubtless the most impressive among these mansions and estates which so attracted the Frenchman was Westover.

In the year 1638 Captain Thomas Paulett, a kinsman of Sir William Berkeley, patented 2000 acres, which he called "Westopher," supposedly in honor of the West brothers, the Lords Delaware, who were the first settlers of this particular locality. On his death the lands went to his brother in England, Sir John Paulett, who in 1665 sold part to Otho Soutcoat and the rest to

Theodorick Bland. Bland, whose tomb may yet be seen in the plantation graveyard, left the estate to his sons, Theodorick and Richard, from whom it was conveyed to William Bird in 1688, for £300 sterling and 10,000 pounds of tobacco, and it was under the Byrd regime that its fame was established.

William Bird's descent is traced from the family of that name of Brexton, or Broxton, England, who, according to Holme's "Heraldic Collections for Cheshire," were heard of in Charlton in the twelfth century, Hugo Le Bird being the first known ancestor.

John Bird, of London, father of the Immigrant, married Grace Stegg, daughter of Captain Thomas Stegg. In the will of Thomas Stegg, brother of Mrs. Bird, dated March 31, 1670, his nephew, William Bird, is left his American estate, which lay on both sides of the James River.

William Bird, born in London in 1653, came to Virginia in 1674, where he at once assumed a prominent position in the Colony, and he it seems to have been who changed the orthography of the family name to Byrd. When barely twenty years old he married Mary, the daughter of Colonel Warham Horsemanden of Ulcombe, a

Kentish Cavalier descended in a direct line from Edward III. of England.

To his hereditary possessions Colonel William Byrd continued to add until his total holdings were 26,231 acres, making him one of the largest land-owners in the country. He also built the first Westover dwelling, about 1690, but it remained for his son, the renowned Colonel William Byrd, to develop the unlimited possibilities of the broad acres.

William Byrd 2nd was born in 1674, and married in 1706 Lucy Parke, daughter of Colonel Daniel Parke, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough and a close friend of Queen Anne. From this union there were two children, the beautiful Evelyn, who died unmarried, and Wilhelmina, who married Thomas Chamberlayne of Virginia.

After the death of his first wife, in 1716, he spent some time in England, but, marrying Maria Taylor, an English heiress, in 1724, he returned to Virginia in 1726, when his son, William, 3rd, was born, and at once began the erection of the manor-house which is seen to-day, notwithstanding the fires and strifes of the bitter wars that have passed over and about it.

The most superb river location was chosen for the site of the brick mansion, modelled in many

THE RIVER FRONT OF WESTOVER

The most famous country seat in America

respects after Drayton Court, in Northamptonshire, England, then the home of the Earl of Peterborough and now the property of Stockville Sackville, M. P., a cousin of Lord Sackville-West. This residence, which crowns the summit of the bluff rising steeply from the river, is generally believed to have been built in 1737, but this seems unlikely for two reasons, the first being that Colonel Byrd, owing to pecuniary embarrassments, at that time thought of selling the estate. Secondly, as it is known that he had a chart of the grounds made in 1735, showing them to be completed, it is hardly credible that the mansion should have been erected at a later date.

The generous proportions of the manor-house leave the impression of a substantial appearance combining the effects of comfort and age. The three-story central building, with its high, sloping roof, is flanked on either side with smaller wings showing gambrel roofs, the east of which, having been razed by troops during the Civil War, has only lately been rebuilt. The entire house is underrun by spacious cellars, beneath one of which is a hidden room. Tradition tells many weird and curious tales of these eight-foot square rooms placed at a depth of fifteen feet, which are supposed to have connected with the subterranean

passage that led to the river in by-gone years. Two other underground rooms, which also served as hiding-places from the Indians, are reached through a dry well. Curiously enough, one of these rooms connects directly with a chamber in the third story, where Mary Willing, second wife of the third William Byrd, was locked while the Continental soldiers ransacked her private papers, suspecting her of treason during the Revolution. Being a cousin of Benedict Arnold through his marriage to Peggy Shippen, Mrs. Byrd was accused of trying to aid him in his James River campaign.

Running the full depth of the house is the great eighteen-foot hall, from the rear of which ascends the graceful stairway, with its twisted balustrades of solid mahogany brought from England. The walls and ceilings of many of the rooms show the same decorations which adorned them two centuries ago.

In the drawing-room the panelling is a little more ornate, and here is placed the famous black marble mantel, the mirror of which is framed in exquisitely wrought white Italian marble, the pediment and other ornamentation being of the same. For this one decoration, which Colonel Byrd brought over from Europe, £500 was paid, a sum equivalent to $2500.

THE HALL AT WESTOVER

One of the greatest prides of Colonel Byrd's life was the library, harboring as it did four thousand volumes collected by him, but which unfortunately were sold after the death of his son. One can easily fancy the first gentleman of Virginia sitting there writing to a friend in England: "A library, a garden, a grove, and a purling stream are the innocent pleasures that direct our leisure."

In the beautiful old home there is a wealth of rare furniture brought from England and the Continent, some of which was at Westover in the time of the second William Byrd, the choice Hepplewhite sideboard in the dining-room being the most conspicuous among the latter. But perhaps the finest antiques which adorn the house are two superb carved and gilded wood torchères bearing the hall-mark of that master craftsman, Chippendale.

The approach to the mansion from the rear is through the handsome wrought-iron gates brought from England by William Byrd, and the finest examples to be seen in America to-day. These far-famed gates, into which the monogram W. B. is skilfully worked, swing from huge stone columns surmounted with massive balls upon which perch life-sized leaden eagles, repre-

senting the family crest. The sloping lawn, with its incomparable turfing, is enclosed by a low, ivy-hung brick wall broken by gateways, bearing the Byrd arms, through which are entered the avenues leading to the boat-landings, the terrace being protected from the river wash by a substantial wall of masonry rebuilt upon the old foundations.

Just in front of the mansion, as it faces the river, is a magnificent row of tulip poplars, which rear their proud crested heads in loving protection over the old dwelling. The smooth and verdant sward is dotted with ancient trees of marvellous size, and in the midst of these native forest monarchs is a perfectly symmetrical yew pronounced by Professor Sargent the finest specimen in America. Robins, wrens, and mocking-birds, the gay plumed cardinal and the sombre thrush, sing their morn and even song from among the trees and hedges, flashing as they flit from branch to branch glimpses of brilliant color from a background of restful green.

In the walled garden of two acres, towering above the precise box borders, are spreading trees of the same evergreen grown to the remarkable height of ten and fifteen feet. The turfed walkways crossing each other at right angles are lined

THE CELEBRATED NORTH GATEWAY AT WESTOVER
with monogram of William Byrd

THE TOMB OF WILLIAM BYRD
which dominates the old-fashioned garden

with chains of old-fashioned flowers and beds of delicate tea-roses, which savor always of Canton china and willow ware. But the central point towards which everything seems to bend, in this fragrant garden, is the stately monument marking the resting-place of Colonel William Byrd, which dominates the entire place.

Cherokee rose-vines, ferns, and mosses fringe the brick wall, on the other side of which is the myrtle-covered graveyard, which holds much of interest in its curious epitaphs and quaint old tombs. According to some antiquarians, the oldest tombstone in America lies at Westover. Originally the coat of arms was cut into this stone, though time has washed away or rendered faint so many of its outlines that it is now barely visible. The epitaph, which may still be deciphered, reads:

"Here lyeth the body of Captaine
Wm. Perry who lived neere
Westover in the Collony
Who departed this life the 6th day of
August Anno Domini 1637."

Here, too, rests, "in the sleep of deep peace," the fairest flower of Colonial Virginia, toast of the old world and the new, beautiful Evelyn Byrd, whose pathetic story awakens the keenest

interest and sincerest sympathy in the hearts of stranger and friend.

When Evelyn Byrd was presented at the court of George II., her American beauty took London by storm, and though she had been educated in England, her refreshing naïveté and innocence was that of the wild flower among exotics. Exquisite, stately, winsome, she won the heart and returned the love of Charles Mordaunt, grandson and heir of Lord Peterborough, a bright star in the social, diplomatic, and literary world of his day, and, according to his portrait which hangs at Drayton Court, as handsome as a young god. Whether the Earl of Peterborough smiled upon the lovers history may never know, but the haughty master of Westover, whether by reason of being a staunch Protestant or for some personal grievance against his one-time friend, brought his daughter back to Virginia, opposing her love for Mordaunt, on the ground of his belonging to a leading Catholic family. But the wound never healed, and little by little the once gay life succumbed to the tyranny of the father. Evelyn Byrd's hand was sought by many, but all her love was given to one, and sorrowing for her blighted youth, wondering at the "Genial Seigneur," we quote the simple family record:

WILLIAM BYRD

BOOK PLATE OF COLONEL
WILLIAM BYRD

EVELYN BYRD

From the portraits by Sir Godfrey Kneller

" Refusing all offers from other gentlemen, she died of a broken heart."

Westover Church, erected in 1690 in accordance with the law passed in 1621 by Sir Thomas Yeardley requiring a house of worship and a burial-ground on every plantation, and where were baptized, married, and buried generations of the country's most notable men and women, was moved in 1731 to another part of the estate, called Evelynton in memory of the fair Evelyn, where it now stands, in a verdant setting of giant black walnut trees, upon the eight acres of ground reserved for it in the will of Mrs. Mary Willing Byrd.

When William the Great of Westover died, in 1744, the acres of the noble estate numbered 179,440, about 281 square miles, a veritable principality indeed. The name of Colonel William Byrd will long live in the annals of the country. Of him one writer says: " His path through life was a path of roses. He had wealth, culture, the best private library in America, social consideration, and hosts of friends; and when he went to sleep under the monument in the garden at Westover, he left behind him not only the reputation of a good citizen, but that of the great Virginia wit and author of the century."

His writings are among the most valuable of the era in which he lived, no library now being deemed complete without the "Westover Manuscripts," the originals of which are still at Brandon. The life of Colonel William Byrd may be summed up in the epitaph carved into the granite shaft which marks his resting-place in the beautiful old-fashioned garden:

"Here lyeth
the Honourable WILLIAM BYRD Esq.
Being born to one of the amplest fortunes in this country he was early sent to England for his education
where under the care and direction of Sir Robert Southwell, and ever favored with his particular instructions,
he made a happy proficiency in polite and various learning. By means of the same noble friend,
he was introduced to the acquaintance of many of the first persons of the age
for knowledge, wit, virtue, birth, or high station,
and particularly contracted a most intimate and bosom friendship
with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery.
He was called to the bar in the Middle Temple, studied for some time in the low countries,

visited the Court of France,
and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society.
Thus eminently fitted for the service and ornament
of his country,
he was made Receiver general of his Majesty's
revenues here, was thrice appointed publick
agent to the Court and ministry of
England,
and being thirty-seven years a member,
at last became President of the Council of this
Colony
To all this were added a great elegancy and
taste of life,
the well bred gentleman and polite companion,
the splendid Œconomist and prudent father of
a family,
with the constant enemy of all exorbitant power,
and hearty friend to the liberties of his Country."

No beau could turn a prettier compliment than William Byrd; no wit could make a more apt speech; no scholar could write better English; nor could any fop boast finer costumes than this first gentleman of Virginia, who lived nearly three centuries ago, and died to be regretted, leaving a place and space in life that must remain forever unfilled.

The only son of Colonel Byrd, known as William 3rd, inherited the plantation of Westover, which proved an unfortunate day for the fair

estate. He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Carter of Shirley, in 1748, but the union was not a happy one, and after her tragic death, in 1760, he is said to have married Mary Willing, of Philadelphia, godchild of Benjamin Franklin, within a few months.

Of the third and last Colonel Byrd, Anbury says: "His great ability and personal accomplishments were universally esteemed; but being infatuated with play, his affairs at his death were in a deranged state. The widow, whom he left with eight children, has, by prudent management, preserved out of the wreck of his princely fortune a beautiful home at a place called Westover, upon James River, some personal property, a few plantations, and a number of slaves." But on the death of Mrs. Byrd the estate was sold, being bought by William Carter in 1814. Having lived there four or five years, Mr. Carter sold the place to Mr. Douthat, as owing to financial reverses he could no longer keep it up. The next owner was one of the Harrisons of Brandon, a cousin of Colonel Byrd.

Twice was Westover ravaged by Benedict Arnold, and once by Cornwallis, and here McClellan pitched his tents in a later war. The plantation was then owned by Colonel John

THE CORNER OF A GUEST-CHAMBER AT WESTOVER

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT WESTOVER
Showing the famous black marble mantel

Selden, who had done much towards its restoration, and added to the landscape features by planting the superb row of tulip poplars, now one of the greatest charms of the place. During the Civil War the mansion was also division headquarters for Fitz John Porter's corps; and his lawless troops, not content with other crimes of pure vandalism, stabled their horses in the historic church, damaging fearfully the interior.

From Colonel Selden the estate was bought by Major Drewery, and in 1899 it again changed hands, falling into the possession of one who has repaired with sincere appreciation the wreckage of years and wars, Mrs. Clarise Sears Ramsay. Mrs. Ramsay, besides being a collateral descendant of Col. William Byrd, is, on the maternal side, by birth, a Sears of the old Sears family of Massachusetts, and through them can claim relationship with some of England's proudest families. In addition to this she has as direct ancestors such worthies as Lyon Gardiner of Gardiner's Island, Gov. Stephen Hopkins, Gov. Thos. Prince, and the famous Elder Wm. Brewster.

The blue teapot is truly lived up to in the life at Westover to-day, and in the restoration of the Georgian manor-house there is no detail of furnishing that has not been as carefully thought out

as executed; so it is safe to assert that in its return to its former splendor it stands the most faultless example of eighteenth century architecture and furnishing to be found in America.

In all of these noble country-seats the personality of the first owners is keenly felt and appreciated. From the very architecture to the comforts and luxuries blended harmoniously, one readily forms a mental picture of the Cavaliers who fathered them, and no one could glimpse Westover, living to-day as tranquilly as if it had never known aught but the sunshine and roses of a romantic age, without realizing vividly the man and mind under whose régime it first became famous, "the Genial Seigneur," as he was known.

BRANDON

N the banks of James River, heaven and earth, acting in true harmony and accord, seem to have made a perfect abiding-place for man. From dewy April till black-frosted December the soft, mild air is almost that of springtime; the rich meadow lands and exquisite water highway are as well fitted for the comfort, pleasure, and luxury of men to-day as they were for the wise Colonists who, first to realize its possibilities, chose this setting for a future country that May day long ago.

Every bend of this far-famed stream teems with history, which holds the same interest for the student that the rare old homesteads have for the antiquarian. A languorous atmosphere, born of years of strife and struggle crowned with centuries of success, pervades the entire surroundings, being felt in each tiny leaflet, every winsome flower, that springs from such hallowed soil.

In the halcyon days of Virginia the plantation homes of the settlers were little kingdoms in themselves, with their own carpenters, coopers, mechanics, and other workmen of all sorts and conditions. In some of these rare old homesteads generation has succeeded generation, and the estates have passed from father to son in such regular succession that, for instance, to speak of the Harrisons of Brandon is all that is necessary to convey to the least initiated the important position of this renowned family, which has been so closely identified with the romance and valor that made Virginia history what it is.

The great Brandon tract, of many thousand acres, was patented by James Martin, a son of Sir Richard Martin, of England, who in 1616 was granted ten shares of land by the Virginia Company, which he named in memory of the little town of Brandon, in Suffolk, England.

From James Martin the estate passed to Lady Frances Ingleby, and from her to Nathaniel Harrison in 1698, since when it has remained in the possession of the descendants of this member of His Majesty's Council. This deed, as well as that to James Martin, may be seen at Brandon, among other valuable and historic papers.

The first Harrison in Virginia, Benjamin by

By courtesy of "American Homes and Gardens"

BRANDON

Mansion erected by Nathaniel Harrison in 1702

HARRISON

name, emigrated about 1630, when he was made Clerk of the Council and a member of the House of Burgesses. The Christian name of his wife is known to have been Mary, but we are in the dark as to her surname.

Benjamin 2nd, son of the Immigrant, was born in 1645, and became one of the most prominent men of Surry County. The name of his wife also seems a bit vague, though family tradition claims her to have been Hannah Churchill. Of the children of this marriage, Nathaniel, born in Surry County, August 8, 1677, acquired the Brandon estate.

Always known as Nathaniel Harrison of Brandon, this grandson of the Immigrant succeeded to his father's place in the Council. He was also a Burgess, Naval Officer of Lower James River, Auditor-General, and County Lieutenant of Prince George and Surry Counties. He married Mary Young, daughter of John and Jane Flood Cary, of London.

His son, Nathaniel 2nd, on August 23, 1713, married Mary Digges, daughter of Colonel Cole Digges, of an ancient and honorable family. On the death of his first wife he married Lucy Carter Fitzhugh, widow of Henry Fitzhugh of Bedford, and youngest daughter of King Carter.

The older wing of the mansion was built by Colonel Nathaniel Harrison in 1702, or earlier; the other, with the square central dwelling, which boasts no less a personage than Thomas Jefferson as its architect, was added by his son of the same name, Nathaniel Harrison 2nd. The wings are joined to the main building by one-story enclosed corridors, all being of brick laid in Flemish bond.

The entrances on both the north and the south are from porches of fair extent, which present a novel touch, proving the ingenuity of the builders, forced into invention through sheer necessity. Having but two capitals for the four front columns, and two for the rear pilasters, the carpenter with his jig-saw made the lacking ornaments of wood, the effect being wonderfully good, giving as it does the conventional profile of the needed Corinthian capitals.

The main entrance overlooks the river, down to which sweeps the vast lawn. Here and there are informal beds of old-fashioned blossoms, while giant trees planted with but little precision break the monotony of the greensward. The mansion itself is almost hidden by trees, many of foreign importation, a peculiarly striking fact being that Brandon has more and choicer foreign

trees and shrubs than any other of the old country-seats.

Marvellous box hedges that reach a height of four feet grow close to the house on the north side, the same compact shrub bordering the garden walks, interlined with chains of golden cowslips or fringes of daffodils. Broken trees are garlanded with woodbine and yellow jessamine, while delicate vines of graceful wistaria festoon brick wall and slender trellis. The purple of royal iris vies with the scarlet of springtime tulips, and from April till December both beds and borders show a sequence of brilliant bloom.

The broad, grassy walks of English appearance are between lilac and althea hedges, some of which lead direct to the river bank, and all of which were laid off by Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. The beautiful grove of magnolias, yews, and sycamores, with its natural ferns and bracken, is also a bit of charming landscape gardening by the same fair chatelaine.

The rear pleasaunce is canopied with dogwood borrowed from the native forests, the same snow-petalled shrubbery bordering a three-mile vista cleft through the park, one of the prides of the old plantation.

In the graveyard to the west, the oldest tombs

are those of Benjamin Harrison 2nd and his wife, Hannah, and Nathaniel Harrison 2nd. There are graves of many others who have passed out of sight, but whose nobility lives, and the ghostly procession of those whom the world delighted to honor will be irrevocably woven with the history of the nation.

A bit farther away from the mansion is the old block-house used as a refuge from the Indians in the early days of the estate. The crude brick structure is overshadowed by hickory and walnut trees, and through the little gun-holes peeping out of the staunch walls many a redskin met his end.

The interior of the manor-house displays true Colonial lines, and the panelled hall, with its triple arches upheld by Ionic columns, is a triumph of architecture. The hall is the principal living-room, being well stocked with bookshelves, quaint old chairs, and dignified portraits of two centuries ago.

On the right of the rear entrance is the dining-room, where buffets with treasures of rare Sheffield and silver plate grace either side. The vases which decorate the marble mantel were used at the Lafayette banquet in Richmond in 1824, and on the richly panelled walls hang a wealth of

FAN CARRIED BY EVELYN BYRD
when she was presented at the Court of St. James

THE HALL AT BRANDON

famous portraits. Over the mantel is Benjamin West's likeness of Governor Alston, and near him hangs the serious face of Benjamin Franklin, in contrast to the gorgeous Duke of Argyll, known to all as the friend of Jeanie Deans. The rest of this gallery of noble men and beautiful women are catalogued as Colonel William Byrd, his sister-in-law, Miss Taylor, the Duke of Albemarle, and Speaker Waltho, whose broad-brimmed hat plays a conspicuous part in the painting, and who said to Colonel Byrd: "Set me among your dukes and earls with my hat on my head, to signify that I am a true Republican who will uncover to none of them, and I will give you the finest diamond ring to be bought in America." The whimsical face hangs still over the doorway, while the diamond ring is preserved among the Brandon treasures. The other portraits are registered as Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. Randall, and Anne Randolph Harrison.

In the drawing-room opposite, the Chippendale chairs are of particular note, and here is shown the most prized heirloom, the fan carried by Evelyn Byrd when she was presented at the Court of St. James. It is faded and yellow with age now, the pastoral scene has sunk into the kid, but it once hid the girlish blushes of the

old-time beauty, and we touch it with reverence, remembering the momentous day when it was first held in her hand.

Still another treasure is the Communion Service presented to Martin's Brandon Church by John Westhrope, about 1659.

The choicest portraits of the Brandon collection—which outnumbers any other private gallery in the country—hang in the drawing-room, upon the south wall of which, from left to right, are first Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, she who planted the hedges and grove; Lady Betty Claypole, only daughter of Oliver Cromwell; Governor Parke, from the brush of Godfrey Kneller; and Evelyn Byrd, by the same artist, who has represented the beauty in a simple satin gown without even so much as a touch of lace. One loose, dark curl falls over her right shoulder, and her hands have fallen gracefully from their gentle task of wreathing old-fashioned blossoms about her shepherdess hat. Gleaming from the foliage back of her is a cardinal-bird, a playful allusion of the artist to her name. The next portrait is of Lord Halifax, dated 1661, while over the mantel is the handsome face of Sir Charles Wager. The rest are of Earl Egremont, Earl Orrery, and Sir Robert Southwell,

1661. The last are of Mrs. Evelyn Byrd Harrison, Mr. Fitzhugh, Benjamin Harrison, and George Evelyn Harrison, a goodly if a ghostly company, boasting Sir Peter Lely, Charles Wilson Peale, and other famous masters.

The manor-house was in its early days when Benedict Arnold entered the James and, landing here, destroyed everything that came in the path of his lawless troops. The English also under General Phillips bivouacked here. Again in 1864 the horrors of war fell upon the rich plantation, and but for the mansion not a building withstood the fires of a fearful siege. Portraits too heavy to move when the family with most of their goods and chattels took refuge in Richmond were cut from the handsome frames. The panelling and wainscoting were torn from some of the inner walls of the house. The outer blinds were hacked and riddled, and the poor pineapple, symbol of hospitality, which is set upon the extreme top of the roof, was the mark of soldiers, whose bullets in aiming at it battered and shattered the bricks of the mansion into holes that may still be seen.

But the ravages of war passed many years ago, and to-day the broad acres show peace and plenty on every side. Every foot of the estate

has its story; each grassy walk and garden square teem with reverent associations which belong to a family of which the entire country has the right to feel supremely proud.

When Colonel Nathaniel Harrison died, in 1791, he was succeeded in his office and estate by his son Benjamin, the third of the name, who married Anne Randolph in 1738. After her death he married Evelyn Taylor, daughter of Colonel William Byrd of Westover by his third wife. Their son, George Evelyn Harrison, born in 1797, married Isabella H., daughter of Thomas Ritchie of Richmond, in 1828, and their son fell heir to the beautiful homestead, which to-day remains in the possession of the family.

A deeply appreciated fact is that the old estate has not once left the direct line, and though it may show the scars of war and the waste of years, Brandon is, as it has always been, the stately home of a stately race, whose history shows not the faintest blot upon a fair escutcheon.

SHERWOOD FOREST

HE community which produced such men as William Henry Harrison and John Tyler, not to speak of the host of others whose names are written bravely in the book of history, was truly remarkable, for neither accident nor volition is responsible for distinguished men; they are simply the natural outcome of the conditions under which they live. These conditions were and still are marked in Sherwood Forest, the estate that has won renown as the last home of President Tyler, and where to-day may be seen the striking and perhaps the best features of the life of the Colonial Cavalier.

This plantation came into being as Walnut Grove in the eighteenth century, the lands being first owned by the Minges, a family of note in the James River section of Virginia, who retained them until 1841, when they were sold by Collier Minge to President Tyler.

The first of the Tylers in Virginia was Henry, who emigrated from Shropshire, England, and took up lands in the Middle Plantation (Williamsburg) in 1652. The origin and position of the family in England is the subject of the following letter, written by President Tyler to the Reverend William Tyler:

"Your acceptable letter of the 11th Oct. reached me in due course of mail, and I regret I can make no suitable return for the information with which you have furnished me relative to the origin of our name and race. I say *our race,* because I do not doubt that all who bear the name of Tyler have a common origin. I think it probable that the first of the name who settled in England was of Norman origin, and accompanied the Conqueror in his invasion, and may have assisted him to overthrow the Saxon power, which went down with the banner of Harold and with Harold himself. If he did so, it was a scurvy trick in him, and I, one of his remote descendants, feel no great veneration for his memory on that account. Be that as it may, it is certain that the family have obeyed the great command to be fruitful, since their numbers in Great Britain and in the United States are quite great, and are still upon the increase. To all the genealogy, other

than that of my American ancestors, I have rarely given a thought, since it seemed to me to be a Cretan labyrinth, which would lead to endless confusion and perplexity. On the page of history I found one name of the family high enrolled. He was a blacksmith, and lived at a time when royalty and its satellites trampled upon the necks of the commons and ground the people into dust. He, with others of his fellow subjects, long submitted to the inflictions of tyranny in silence; but the last drop of patience was in the cup. That was exhausted when Richard the Second imposed a poll-tax (the most unjust and unequal that can be imposed, since it operates *per capita* and without regard to property), in the collection of which the infamous tax-gatherer dared to offer a revolting insult to his youthful daughter. With his sledge-hammer he laid the insulting minion of power dead at his feet, and summoned the commons to the task of vindicating their rights. And glorious was the vindication! The satraps of the King were overthrown in battle, and the King was compelled to sue in person to the blacksmith for terms. Faithful to the trust imposed in him by the commons, he boldly, in an interview asked for by the King, proclaimed the public wrongs and

demanded redress. He confided *in the honor of a King,* and went unattended to the interview, and was perfidiously slain. But 'the blood of the martyr was the seed of the church;' and so it was here. That dastard King was constrained to reiterate the principles of *Magna Charta* and to proclaim the doctrines of the Bill of Rights, and Wat *le* Tyler takes his position on the historic pages alongside of the great benefactors of the Anglo-Saxon race. This man I have been content to recognize as the head of my immediate family, and have therefore looked upon most that the royalist writers have said of him as properly a part of their vocation, which is to defame the plebeian and to do worship to the monarch and aristocrat. Oh, no, my dear sir, I cannot surrender an origin so glorious to the accomplished king-lover Hume, or to him of Sudbury. The error of Dickens, an error into which others have fallen, consists in the substitution of an *a* for a *le,* viz.: Wat *a* tiler for Wat *le* Tyler, as the name stood in 1311 in the case of Thomas *le* Tyler."

The first wife of Henry Tyler, the Immigrant, was Mary ———, and the second Ann Orchard, she being the mother of Henry, the second of the name, who was a very prominent factor in the Colony. Besides holding many important

offices, the second Henry Tyler took an active part in religious affairs; he it was who headed the petition circulated in 1710 for a new church, and undoubtedly his untiring interest and efforts were largely responsible for the erection of famous Bruton Church, which now stands at Williamsburg on the site of an older edifice. He was also the donor or seller of the land upon which the Governor's palace stood, and though the building has long since disappeared, the spot is still pointed out as the Palace Green.

Henry Tyler is supposed to have married Elizabeth Chiles, granddaughter of Governor John Page, who was the mother of all his children, though he afterwards married Edith Hardaway. His eldest son, John, married Elizabeth Low, and died a few years before he did, leaving five children, among whom John, the third of the name, was the principal heir. The latter, known as the Marshal, married Anne, daughter of Dr. Louis Contesse, a French Huguenot, and died August 26, 1773. His sister was the famed Joanna Tyler, justly considered "the handsomest woman in the Colony of Virginia," which fact is easily appreciated by one glance at the superb portrait now in the possession of one of her descendants.

John Tyler, the second son of the Marshal and Anne Contesse, was one of the foremost men of an important era, beginning his public career as Judge of the Admiralty Court in 1776. From that time on he was successively a member of the House of Delegates and of the Council, Vice-President of the Virginia Convention, Judge of the General Court, Governor of Virginia, and Judge of the United States Court. To his accurate and remarkable memory is credited the preservation of Patrick Henry's famous words, which Governor Tyler repeated to William Wirt: "'Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third'—('Treason,' cried the Speaker; 'Treason, treason,' echoed from every part of the House)—'*may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it.'"

Having been born on February 28, 1747, Governor Tyler married in 1776, when she was but sixteen, Mary, daughter of Robert Armistead of Elizabeth City County, and was the renowned father of a celebrated son, John Tyler, tenth President of the United States.

President Tyler was born at Greenway, his father's country-seat, March 29, 1790, and married March 29, 1813, Letitia, daughter of

Robert Christian, of New Kent County. In 1816 he became a member of Congress; in 1825 was made Governor of Virginia; in 1827 was elected to the United States Senate; was made Vice-President in 1840, and became President April 4, 1841.

Though he changed his residence more than once during these years, it was at Sherwood Forest that he finally cast anchor, spending the remainder of his life on this plantation, acquired in 1841. An interesting glimpse into the happy domesticity he enjoyed on the old estate is given in a letter written from there on Christmas Day, 1855:

"If you are half as merry as we are, then you are all as merry as I could wish you to be. It is on the morning of Christmas that one realizes the happiness of having a house well filled with children. All the barrels and boxes sent by the Roanoke reached us at four o'clock on yesterday, and the hobby-horse, coming unboxed, caught the eager eyes of the children. Time was scarcely given the wagon to reach the door before it had been seized upon, and, with the assistance of Andrew, was placed in the dining-room, and mounted in succession by each, Lachlan, of course, having the first ride, as the horse was his.

Their anxiety to see the contents of the boxes became intense, but was only partially gratified. Julia's doll was roused up from its repose, and was in a short time opening and shutting its eyes amid constant exclamations of surprise. Then came a strong desire on the part of us all to see your contributions to the Fair. The room was crowded with an anxious group, and upon the opening of boxes containing the needle-cases and pin-cushions, all united in expressions of admiration. The doll was only so far uncased as to exhibit her face and feet and a portion of the dress, and Mrs. Beckman's taste and skill were pronounced to be unmatchable. Julia will follow your instructions in regard to the display and disposition of the articles, and thinks of disposing of the doll by raffle if auction does not succeed.

" The children last night hurried to bed at an early hour, in order to sleep away the tedious hours which were to elapse before the dawning of day; but I went into Gardie and Alex.'s room at near eleven o'clock, and sleep had not visited their eyes. They were watching for Santa Claus, and complained of his tardiness. Being told that Santa Claus objected to being seen, and did not

SHERWOOD FOREST

The country-seat of President Tyler

like boys to watch for him, they finally went to sleep; but the day had not fairly dawned when their exclamations filled the whole house.

"Having dispatched the sweet things, they then opened their toy boxes. Gardiner is still (eleven o'clock) carrying on the siege of Sebastopol; Alex. is busily engaged with 'Whittington and his Cat;' Julia arranges her furniture; Lachlan spurs up his horse; and Lionel (last, though not least) calls for his drummer. A happier concern you rarely ever saw. I only wish that all of you were here to look upon the scene.

"Julia was so very much fatigued yesterday as to devolve on me the task of writing. The Fair comes off to-morrow, and she will give you a full account of it. Governor Floyd and his lady have not reached us, and I suppose will not. We have had bad weather, and the mist is still excessively dense."

The central portion of the simple, rambling manor-house at Sherwood Forest was built by the Minges in the latter part of 1700. The wings and corridors were added by President Tyler about 1844, thus giving the mansion an extravagant frontage of three hundred feet. The main

dwelling is two and a half stories, the remainder one, and one and a half, while the entire house is but the depth of one room. A wide Colonial hall runs from door to door of the double-fronted mansion, and on the right of the land entrance is the library, where the old-fashioned furniture and family portraits breathe into the present a delightful air of the past. Healy's likeness of the President is the most conspicuous object in the room, representing him in an attentive, listening mood. His right elbow rests upon a large book of laws, and his hand lends support to his slightly tilted head. The high white collar and black stock bespeak the age of the accompanying loosely cut coat, but the pin adorning the white shirt-front is a trifle out of the ordinary. Hanging near by is a life-sized portrait of the second Mrs. Tyler at the age of eighteen, who was the daughter of the Honorable David Gardiner of New York, one of the victims of the Princeton calamity. The portrait, painted by Giovanni Thompson, depicts a saucy-faced maid with great blue eyes. Her dark hair, which is brought down over her ears, is braided about the crown of her head, being held in place by a bandeau of exquisite pearls. Quaint ear-drops and a necklace

of the same pure jewels are in perfect accord with the diaphanous gauze gown, the sleeves of which are caught below the shoulders with rosettes of white satin.

Mrs. Tyler was spoken of as "a woman of elegance, refinement, education, and strong character," as well as being exceedingly handsome, with an extraordinary retention of her youthful appearance. Fanelli's portrait of her as a bride hangs in the White House, where also may be seen that of sweet-faced Mrs. Letitia Christian Tyler, the President's first wife.

In the old days the library at Sherwood Forest was used as a ball-room, and many and gay were the scenes enacted there. Across the hall is the dining-room, from which a spiral stairway ascends to the upper floor. Though the simple white frame mansion is not so imposing as some of the old homesteads in the James River section, the air of hospitality and homelike comfort lends to Sherwood Forest a charm never attained by cold structural magnificence. And being near Williamsburg, fancy easily pictures the many and noble men and women who in the early age proved the hospitality of its walls, for here were wont to gather Presidents, Governors, Chief-

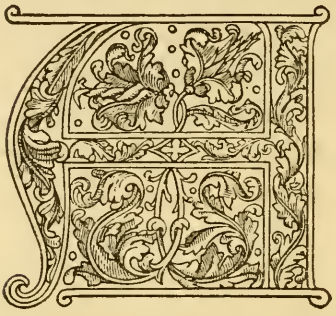
Justices, Cabinet Officers, signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the like.

The manor-house is placed a mile from James River, down to which the meadows of the 1200 acre estate roll. The far-reaching lawn is shaded with mammoth oak-trees, and the old garden is still glorious with the beauty and fragrance of moss and damask roses. Sweet tendrils of honeysuckle caress one at every turn, and hollyhocks, lilacs, and other old-time blossoms smile from everywhere. Along the richly wooded roadways wild roses, Scott's cherished eglantine, bloom in pink luxuriance, and even before the first trees have budded, the trailing arbutus, that bravely dainty patriot's flower, creeps shyly from under the carpet of rushes that guards it from the snow.

Many and romantic associations cling and cluster about the old estate, now in the possession of the President's son, Judge David Gardiner Tyler. One cannot spend an hour amid these surroundings without feeling that he has reached a higher plane and breathed a purer air, for Sherwood Forest seems far away from the present, and a realistic bit of the past. The atmosphere is refreshing and stimulating, and the contrast between yesterday and to-day is marked.

In its first days the estate was one of the centres of the social life of Virginia, and but for a few war-swept years has always been. At the home-like manor-house sorrow has struck its blows, but the wounds have now almost healed. Not even a scorch of the wars is visible, but in its place is a grateful, quiet serenity worshipped by those who have lived there and envied by the less favored who can only see.

CARTER'S GROVE



MONG the numerous lands patented by King Carter was a tract on the north shore of James River, near its outlet to the Chesapeake. In 1634 a palisade was built around a portion of these lands, which were used as a cattle and corn reservation, being closely and constantly guarded from the Indians, who at that time were causing great trouble.

This plantation, which was a part of Martin's Hundred parish, established in 1618, was given by King Carter to his daughter Elizabeth as her dower when she married Nathaniel Burwell, of Gloucester County.

The distinguished family of Burwells were well known in Bedford and Northampton, England, the first of the name, Lewis Burwell, having come to Virginia about 1640. An old deed in York County, dated July 28, 1648, conveys a number of acres from Dorothy, daughter of

William Bedell of County Huntingdon, England, and widow of Roger Wingate, Treasurer of Virginia, to Lewis Burwell, her son by her first marriage to Edward Burwell of Harlington, Bedford County. This Edward Burwell seems to have been a grantee under the charter of 1607 from James I., and is also thought to have been the one whose name appears in the second charter to the Virginia Company, given May 30, 1609.

Lewis Burwell, the Immigrant, was born March 5, 1625, and married Lucy, daughter of Captain Higginson, one of the most renowned Colonial commanders during the crusade against the redskins. Major Burwell settled at Fairfield, now known as Carter's Creek, Gloucester County, and there still may be seen his tomb, inscribed:

"To the lasting memory of Major Lewis Burwell, of the County of Gloucester in Virginia, gentleman, who descended from the ancient family of the Burwells, of the counties of Bedford and Northampton, in England, who, nothing more worthy in his birth than virtuous in his life, exchanged this life for a better, on the 19th., day of November, in the 33rd year of his age, A. D. 1658."

Lewis Burwell, the only son of the Immigrant, married first Abigail Smith, the niece and heiress of Nathaniel Bacon, Sr., for whom their third son, Nathaniel, born about 1682, was named. Through this marriage the Virginia Burwells trace their descent from eleven English Kings, including Alfred the Great, while through the same source they are connected with the Kings of Burgundy and Navarre as well as the Dukes of Gascony.

According to the old tombs at Carter's Creek, Lewis Burwell married secondly Martha, daughter of John Lear, Secretary of the Council, and widow of Colonel William Cole, who died in 1705, and was evidently the mother of the Miss Burwell who won the peppery heart of Governor Nicholson, the story of which has come to us from the apt pen of Bishop Meade:

" The second Lewis Burwell had nine daughters, one of whom completely upset what little reason there was in Governor Nicholson of famous memory. He became most passionately attached to her, and demanded her in royal style of her parents. Neither she, her parents, nor other members of the family were disposed to compliance. He became furious, and for years persisted in his design and claim. All around

felt the effects of it. The father and sons, Commissary Blair, and the Rev. Mr. Fouace, minister of an adjoining parish, were the special objects of his threatened vengeance.

" To the young lady he threatened the life of her father and brothers if she did not yield to his suit, which caused a friend in England to write a letter of remonstrance, in which he says, ' It is not here as in some barbarous countries, where the tender lady is dragged into the Sultan's arms just reeking in the blood of her nearest relatives, and yet must strangely dissemble her aversion.' To Commissary Blair he declared that he would cut the throats of three men, (if the lady should marry any other man than himself,) viz.: the bridegroom, the minister, and the justice who issued the license. The minister of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Fouace, in a letter to the Lord Commissioners in England, complains of being assaulted one evening, on his return from a visit to the family, (the Major being sick), by Governor Nicholson, and commanded never again to go into this house without leave from himself. It seemed that the Governor was jealous of him. Besides abusive language and other indignities, he pulled off the minister's hat, as being disrespectful to him, the Governor, for one to keep

on his hat, even on horseback. Such was the misconduct of the Governor, in this and other respects, that the Council and some of the clergy united in a petition to the Crown for his removal, and the petition was granted. All this and much more, is on record in the archives of Lambeth Palace."

After Nathaniel Burwell married Elizabeth Carter, he moved to Carter's Grove, where he died in 1721. The estate was then inherited by his son Lewis, born in 1710, who married Mary, daughter of Colonel Francis Willis. Up to the time of his death in 1772 Lewis Burwell was very prominent in the affairs of the Colony, having been both President of the Council and acting Governor of Virginia.

The plantation next went to his son, Carter Burwell, who married Lucy, daughter of the Honorable John Grymes of Middlesex County, and it was under their stewardship that the original dwelling was replaced by the present stately manor-house in 1746, some years before the death of his father.

The road which winds from the main highway, over which so many Colonial notables rolled in their gilded coaches on their frequent visits to the mansion, is mostly through woodlands

CARTER'S GROVE
Built by Carter Burwell in 1746

BURWELL

whitened in April by dogwood and sheeted with arbutus, violets, and frail anemones, while the gorgeous yellow jessamine, that first flower of the South, flings its golden streamers from limb to limb of the smallest shrubs and greatest trees. One is in the midst of a riot of sweet-scented color, which fades only when the lawn is reached. Crossing a picturesque ravine, the broad driveway merges into an avenue about one quarter of a mile in length, bordered by cedars of magnificent growth which spring from the thick turfing. Just before the grounds are entered the cedar avenue gives place to one of locusts, which continues through a wonderful grove of the same graceful trees to the circular stone steps on the north front.

The substantial brick dwelling is situated directly on the James, upon a high bluff, and commands a very beautiful water view, the river here being seven miles across. The lawn is terraced on the water front, ending in a sunken garden which extends quite to the beautiful beach.

The manor-house is set in the midst of a grove of notable trees, which named the place, and though the wings did not originally adjoin the main building, the east, used as a kitchen, has

since been connected with it, the west serving the purpose of office.

Crossing the steps now mossy with age, the hall is entered, where the touch of latter-day gold evident about the estate is appreciated rather than censured, for the historic marks have been carefully preserved, notwithstanding the luxurious additions that have been made. This great hall is heavily panelled with walnut, and claims a stairway of the same wood which is famous in the historic and architectural annals of America. The hand-carved balustrade still shows the scars left by the swords of Tarleton's hasty troopers when the mansion was British head-quarters during the Revolution, and up the broad steps the reckless soldiers are said to have even ridden. Under the stewardship of a former owner, in a burst of mistaken patriotism, the handsome wood-work of the hall was painted the national colors, and until a few years ago the mellow tones of the old walnut were lost under the glaring coating of red, white, and blue.

The dominant feature of the interior is the exquisite wood-work, all the rooms being panelled up to the ceiling with oak and walnut, while the heavy doors of solid mahogany swing upon silver

THE HALLWAY, CARTER'S GROVE

The stairway of which still bears the marks of sabre cuts from Tarleton's troopers

hinges, their knobs and locks being of the same precious metal.

The old kitchen in the east wing measures forty-two by twenty-three feet, and boasts light from ten large windows. Hard wood beams and rafters support the cement walls, and though modern comforts and conveniences have supplanted antique methods, there is still left enough to show the quaint kitchen of Colonial days.

For more than a century veritable princes reigned in this stately manor-house, dispensing a lavish hospitality that has formed the theme of many fantastic stories and much historic lore. Here in Virginia was born the social life of the new-found world. Williamsburg with its balls and festivities was but a transplanted bit of the Court of St. James, just as old Bruton Church and graveyard were to the Colonists a miniature Westminster Abbey. The romantic atmosphere which pervades the mansion conjures up vividly an imaginary picture of the red-coated Tarleton and his troops lawlessly dashing down the winding stairway to the tune of cruel sabre cuts.

It was at Carter's Grove that Jefferson wooed the "fair Belinda," Rebecca Burwell, born in

1746, and here the haughty maiden, who afterwards married Jaquelin Ambler, rejected her sandy-haired suitor, who later taught two countries what one man's brain could do. It was during this memorable courtship that Jefferson wrote to his friend, John Page: "In the most melancholy fit that ever any poor soul was, I sit down to write to you. Last night, as merry as agreeable company and dancing with Belinda in the Apollo could make me, I never could have thought that the succeeding sun would have seen me so wretched as I now am! I was prepared to say a great deal. I had dressed up in my own mind such thoughts as occurred to me in as moving language as I knew how, and expected to have performed in a tolerably creditable manner. But, good God! When I had an opportunity of venting them, a few broken sentences, uttered in great disorder, and interrupted with pauses of uncommon length, were the two visible marks of my strange confusion."

It was the daughter of Rebecca Burwell and Jaquelin Ambler who married Chief-Justice Marshall.

The few tombs still visible at Carter's Grove are much scarred and defaced by time, and though there are records existing of those buried

there, one can now decipher neither names nor epitaphs.

When Carter Burwell died, at the close of the century, the homestead passed to his son Nathaniel, who married his first cousin, Susanna Grymes, of Middlesex. Their son Carter, born in 1773, owned the estate until 1819, when it became the property of his half-brother, George Harrison Burwell, the son of Nathaniel Burwell by his second wife, Lucy Page, daughter of Lucy Page Baylor, widow of Colonel George Baylor and daughter of Mann Page of Mansfield.

George Burwell was the last of his name to own Carter's Grove, which was sold only to change hands many times. Unfortunately the records of these various sales were destroyed when the old Court House in Williamsburg was damaged by fire, so the thread of ownership cannot be again picked up until about thirty years ago, when the estate was bought by Dr. E. G. Booth, in whose possession it remained until 1905, when it was purchased by Mr. Percival Bisland, of Mississippi, Mrs. Margaret Buchan Bisland being the present owner.

History in general repeats itself, but never again will America know such halcyon days as those of the Colonists, when the plantations were

little kingdoms ruled over by haughty grandees, who were veritable princes in their rights and fortunes.

Carter's Grove seems very far away from the present, a bit or a glimpse of the past; for as year follows year, and century climbs over century, its peaceful atmosphere of age and comfort gains in vivid contrast to this restless, struggling to-day.

THE NELSON HOUSE

IN a little corner of Virginia, on the southwest bank of old York River, lies a sleepy town of age and history called Yorktown, where an ancient Church, a battle-field, the country's first custom-house, and an aristocratic old mansion are all that is left to tell the story of its quondam days of glory.

The old mansion, known as the Nelson House, is the first of these historic sights to greet one, situated as it is on the main street, or, better still, highroad, overlooking the river, and guarded by a mossy brick wall topped with a giant hedge of box.

The progenitor of the Virginia family of Nelsons was Thomas, the son of Hugh and Sarah Nelson of Penrith, England, where he was born February 20, 1677. Owing to the proximity of his birthplace to Scotland, Thomas Nelson, who came to Virginia about 1700, was always called

"Scotch Tom." Settling in York County, he married about 1710 Margaret Reid, and on her death contracted a second alliance with Fanny Houston, the widow of a Mr. Tucker of Bermuda, in 1721. His name has always been closely affiliated with Yorktown, which place he founded about 1705, building the first brick house in that section in 1715.

Thomas Nelson, the Immigrant, died October 7, 1745, and was buried in old Grace Church graveyard, where his tomb, with his coat of arms inscribed upon it, may still be seen. The Latin epitaph is translated as:

"Here lyeth
In the certain hope of being raised up in Christ
THOMAS NELSON, Gentleman
The son of Hugh and Sarah Nelson
of Penrith in the County of Cumberland.
Born the 20th day of February 1677
He completed a well spent life
On the 7th of October 1745 in his sixty-eighth year."

The eldest son of Thomas and Margaret Reid Nelson was William, born in 1711, who was known as President Nelson, having been many times President of the Council, and of the entire Colony of Virginia at one time. In 1738 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Bur-

WILLIAM NELSON

NELSON

well of Gloucester County, granddaughter of King Carter, and it was in 1740 that he began the erection of the present famous Nelson House.

This mansion was designed for his eldest son Thomas, who, born December 26, 1738, and then but a few years old, laid the corner-stone of the building by passing through his tiny hands the first brick used in its construction. The Nelson House stands to-day a splendid example of the Colonial builder's art, which cared more for honest workmanship than meretricious display. The English bricks forming the walls are laid in Flemish bond, while the quoins and window-arches are of heavy hewn stone. Hand-made dentilled cornices, which are placed just below the high, sloping roof, save the structure from absolute severity, and the condition of the entire house to-day attests its superior workmanship in every way.

There is the customary great hall on the interior, with double rooms on either side, and the same ample stairway seen in most Southern houses of that era. There is still much handsome wood-work visible in the panelling and wainscoting, some of which is elaborately carved, that in the hall and about the mantels being particularly fine.

The original brick wall which enclosed the grounds has given way in the rear to a modern unsightly paling, which is in part hidden or rendered unobtrusive by a multiflora rose-vine which clings to the newness as its mother root clasped the finer wall two centuries ago. There is nothing left of the old garden, though a few stray flowers still try to bloom gayly where the little squares and circles were, and crape-myrtle bushes that gain with the years soften time's wreckage with their feathery summer pinkness. The great tree, the branches of which droop over the east end of the mansion, was planted by a renowned Nelson in happy Colonial days.

Thomas Nelson, the little lad who laid the corner-stone for the old mansion, developed into one of the most powerful men in Virginia, being a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Major-General in the Continental Army, and Governor of the state. On the twenty-ninth of January, 1762, he married Lucy, daughter of Philip and Mary Randolph Grymes of Middlesex, the latter being the daughter of Sir John Randolph of Williamsburg.

When barely twenty-one this remarkable man was made a member of the House of Burgesses, and in 1744 was one of the first convention which

NELSON HOUSE, YORKTOWN

Headquarters of Lord Cornwallis during the Revolution

met at Williamsburg to consider the taxation of the Colonies by England. In 1774 he became colonel of the Second Virginia Regiment, and in May, 1776, was one of the members of the convention at Williamsburg for framing the Virginia constitution. Having signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia militia, and his troops, numbering three thousand, were equipped at his own expense. When Virginia needed $2,000,000 with which to carry on the war, Governor Nelson gave his personal property as security with that of the state. His services were highly commended in the General Orders issued by Washington the day after the surrender of Cornwallis, in honor of which his statue was included among the six placed around the Washington monument in the Capitol grounds at Richmond.

During the siege of Yorktown, in 1781, the Nelson House was occupied as headquarters by Lord Cornwallis, and this being as well known as it was distasteful to General Nelson, he besought the Continentals to open fire upon his loved mansion, offering a reward for each shot that told, and saying to General Lafayette: "Spare no particle of my property so long as it affords

comfort or shelter to the enemies of my country." The eastern gable yet shows the scars of three cannon-balls, one of which is embedded in the bricks. Another left a great hole where it crashed through the southeast corner and, entering the dining-room, destroyed two panels of the wainscoting, shattering at the same time the handsome marble mantel.

Governor Nelson's father had left him a very large fortune, consisting as it did of much land and £40,000 cash, but the vicissitudes of the times caused him to die a poor man, his patriotism having given most of his money to the Colonial struggle. In this respect he has been compared with Washington, and we must admit that the American idol does not shine by it. One of his biographers writes: " Such nobility of soul and purity of motive form a combination in character rarely seen in the history of the world, and no doubt he was conscientious in the matter; but yet how different from Washington! The latter, although he had no large family to support, magnanimously refused any pay for his services, but merely asked Congress to reimburse him for his expenses, an accurate account of which he had kept. It is needless to say that Congress promptly paid him, having the detailed accounts,

with dates specified, to be guided by. Had Governor Nelson kept an accurate account of his expenses, no doubt Congress would have gladly paid him back also. But it appears that he had no account to present to Congress. Consequently his family had to be that much poorer. One may, therefore, here see the difference between a patriotic man and a patriotic man who was also wise!"

The portrait of Governor Nelson which hangs in the State Library at Richmond is a copy of the original painted in London by Chamberlin in 1754. It represents him at the age of sixteen, his ruddy, boyish face framed in a wealth of light hair. His gray coat with brass buttons has a rather deep gray velvet collar, and is worn over a white waistcoat, the sleeve-ruffles and stock being white also. A black tricorn hat is held under his left arm, the hand of which is not visible in the half-length portrait. Altogether, neither the pose nor the costume is particularly lively for a youthful eighteenth century Cavalier.

When Governor Nelson died, January 4, 1789, he was buried in Grace Church yard, without even a simple slab to mark his resting-place. Notwithstanding his early affluence, he left no fortune to his widow and children, who were

forced to sell all of their property but the homestead in Yorktown; so when Mrs. Nelson, who was an extraordinary woman, died, she left only " twenty dollars to her minister, and freedom to her servant, the only one she had."

In 1824, when General Lafayette visited Yorktown, the theatre of his youthful valor, the old house was tendered to the committee for his entertainment, and the mansion at which he had once directed his troopers to fire sheltered him as kindly as before the days of storm.

During the Civil War, when the Confederates occupied Yorktown under General Magruder, the house was used as a hospital, and for reasons of health the wonderful interior wood-work was whitewashed; and it has never been restored to its original condition, though the coloring has been changed.

The happiest days seem to have passed from this beautiful homestead never to return again, for the conditions once so filled with promise are too sadly altered now to admit of the hospitable, joyous life that was once led upon this spot. Since the Revolution Yorktown has changed in many ways; the once thriving town has grown day by day into a quieter village. The gilded coaches and gold-laced soldiers that once stood

before the open doors of the old Nelson House are now no more than the silent tombs sinking into eternity in the churchyard.

But the beautiful river of a mile width opposite the mansion flows on serenely, regardless of years and circumstance, and the Nelson House still commands an enchanting picture at early sunrise, from its situation upon as noble a sheet of water as flows beneath the sun. " But painful is the contrast of what it now is with what it once was. It is only when we turn to the river, ' the work of an Almighty hand,' that the force of that Scripture is felt,—' I change not.' "

ROSEWELL

N the north bank of old York River, and the east of Carter's Creek, looms the far-famed Rosewell mansion, preserving with dignity its centuries of grandeur and strangely defying the years to come.

This ancestral home of the renowned Page family stands like some feudal castle in bold relief against a landscape which artists have said lacks neither color nor form.

About the year 1500 a Henry Page was born in Wembly, in the county of Middlesex, England. Whom he married we are not told, but one of his sons, John Page, born about 1528,. is known to have married Audrey, the daughter of Thomas Redding of Hedgestown, Middlesex County.

Of the two sons of the latter, Richard moved to Uxenden, and though he was twice married, the maiden names of his wives have long since

been forgotten, Frances being the only one to leave children. One of these ten was Thomas, who was born at Uxenden about 1597, but moved to Sudbury. In 1622 he married, but again the wife's name is not given, for in the record we only find that "John and Mary, sonne and daughter of Thomas Page, of Sudbury, were baptized at Harrow, 26 Dec., 1628." This John Page, who was destined to become the progenitor of the family in America, was born in 1627, and emigrated to Virginia in 1650.

The family of Sir Gregory Page, baronet, of Greenwich, in the county of Kent, the father of Sir Gregory Page, last baronet of Wrinklemarsh, who left his fortune to Sir Gregory Page Turner, and the families of Major-General Sir John Page and Sir Thomas Hyde Page bear much the same arms. Dr. Richard Channing Moore Page, in his valuable genealogy of the family, states: "The arms of all these Page families bear a resemblance to each other, and doubtless they were all descended from the same ancestor. The origin of the name of Page, as a family cognomen, may be found in Rymer's Fœdera (Acts of the Kings of England) in 41st, Henry III., A. D. 1257, where it appears that Hugo de Pageham, of Ebor (York), was a

bearer of dispatches from Edward, King of England, to the King of Spain, and thus being *Letter Bearer,* or *Page,* he became known as Hugo Page de Pageham."

Colonel John Page, who came to Virginia in 1650, married Alice Luckin and settled in Williamsburg, where he was a member of Their Majesties' Council. That he was a man far above the average is shown in the following letter to his son, which is still preserved:

"*To My Loving Son, Capt. Matthew Page.*

"Son Matthew: I herewith present you a New Year's gift, wherein you may observe the excellency of Scripture learning, which I desire that you may read, mark, and learn, that you may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life which God hath given you in the Gospel of our Saviour Jesus Christ. You will in this little book see what you are by nature—born in sin, having in you an original pravity, indisposition to do good, and proneness to evil. There is also taught you that Christ by His death vanquished death, as Himself saith (John xi. 25), 'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' Therefore endeavor that Christ's death may become effectual to your soul, that you may rise from the death of sin to the righteousness of life. Keep yourself from

sin, and pray for God's spirit to establish faith and sanctification in your heart, that you may live in heavenly conversation on earth; that, after death, eternal glory may be your portion. Set not lightly by my gift, but esteem those fatherly instructions above earthly riches. Consider the dignity of your soul, and let no time slip whereby you may, with God's assistance, work out your salvation with fear and trembling. I pray God bless you and give his blessing to what I have written, for your everlasting happiness, which is the prayer of your truly loving father,

"JOHN PAGE.

"January 1st 1688."

The little book to which the letter refers was a manuscript in the handwriting of Colonel Page, and though the fate of the original is not known, there are a number of printed copies still in existence among the various branches of the family.

The superb portrait of Colonel Page, which is familiar to all antiquarians, was painted by Sir Peter Lely in 1660. It is a very beautiful work of art, representing a young man in the whereabouts of thirty-three, with grave blue eyes and wavy brown locks parted directly in the middle. The dark robe he wears is enlivened with a white collar from which two white tassels depend.

The original stone that was placed over the

grave of Colonel Page is now in the vestibule of Bruton Church, at Williamsburg. On it the family arms are emblazoned—a fesse dancetté between three martlets, a middle chief crescent. Crest—a demi-horse forcené. Beneath the arms is the inscription:

> "Here lieth in hope of a Joyfull Resurrection the Body of Colonel John Page of Burton Parish Esquire. One of their Majesties Council in the Dominion of Virginia. Who departed this life the 23 of January in the year of our Lord 692. Aged 65."

The date is partly obliterated, but is supposed to have been 1692.

In 1878 a granite obelisk was placed over the grave by one of the descendants of Colonel Page.

Matthew Page, the second son of John and Alice Luckin Page, was born in Williamsburg in 1659, but moved to Gloucester County, where he died January 9, 1703. His wife was Mary Mann, the heiress and daughter of John and Mary Mann of Timberneck, Gloucester County, and through her he came into possession of the Rosewell lands. This estate, which originally belonged to the Barbour family, was won by one of Mary Mann's relatives at a game of push-pin about the middle of the seventeenth century. In

1700 Matthew Page took up his residence at this place, which a well-authenticated tradition claims to have been the site of Werowocomoco, the village of Powhatan. Whether this be true or not, Indian relics in great quantities have been found at Rosewell; which points to the belief that it might have been the headquarters of the Indian chieftain.

On the death of Matthew Page the estate went to his only son, Mann Page, who, through his mother, inherited vast possessions in Frederick, Prince William, Essex, Spottsylvania, James City, Hanover, King William, and Gloucester Counties, besides the 5000 acres left by his father.

Among the ancestral portraits of the Page family there is one of a winsome child of five years, catalogued as Mann Page, the first of that name. The little fellow, with great brown eyes, holds closely in his arms a gay-plumaged cardinal-bird, the wings of which spread out against the quaint blue frock he wears. This little aristocrat, born with a golden spoon in his mouth, was brilliantly educated at Eton, and on his return to America began the erection of the great manor-house of Rosewell in 1725, the building of which was destined to impair so sadly one of the largest fortunes of the day.

The square brick structure, completed about 1730, towers into the air three high stories above the basement, and was erected by workmen imported just for that purpose, much of the material also having been brought from Europe. Originally the central building was connected by covered corridors with wings on either side, the whole enclosing a semicircular courtyard. In proportion, the huge high-ceilinged rooms are cubes, and the great hall, which occupies the centre of the mansion, is a faultless specimen of Colonial architecture. In its days of extravagant pristine splendor the hall was wainscoted with San Domingo mahogany, the stairway and balustrade, which are as they were in 1730, being of the same wood hand-carved in a flower and scroll design. Up the steps of this grand stairway eight persons can comfortably walk abreast, and it has responded to the click of many a beauty's high-heeled slipper, as well as to the tread of America's most eminent men.

Owing to his prominence in all the higher branches of life, the friends of Mann Page were counted among the distinguished of two countries, and the grim old walls of Rosewell have sheltered many whose names are written boldly in the history of the country. A favorite tradition is that in this fine old mansion Thomas

ROSEWELL

Begun by Mann Page in 1725

Jefferson, a guest there *en route* to Philadelphia, first drafted the immortal Declaration of Independence.

Mann Page, the reckless spender of a princely fortune, was a member of the Colonial Congress from 1714 to 1730. Marrying twice, his first wife was Judith Wormeley, daughter of the Honorable Ralph Wormeley, Secretary of the Colony in 1712. In 1718 he married Judith Carter, daughter of King Carter of Corotoman, President of the Colony, whose portrait shows a strong Carter likeness. Her lace-trimmed gown of blue-green satin shows to advantage against the red velvet of her chair, which has as a background a rich curtain of the same material and color.

In the old graveyard at Rosewell, on the tomb of Mann Page is inscribed:

"Here lie the remains of the Honourable
MANN PAGE
One of His Majesties Council of this Colony
of Virginia
Who departed this life the 24th Day of
January 1730
In the 40th year of his Age.
He was the only Son of the Honourable
MATTHEW PAGE ESQ.
Who was likewise a member of His Majesties
Council.

His first wife was JUDITH daughter of
RALPH WORMELEY ESQ.
Secretary of Virginia;
By whom he had two Sons and a Daughter.
He afterwards married JUDITH daughter of the
Honble. ROBERT CARTER ESQ.
With whom he lived in the most tender reciprocal affection
For twelve years:
Leaving by her five Sons and a Daughter.
His publik Trust he faithfully Discharged with
Candour and Discretion
Truth and Justice.
Nor was he less eminent in his Private Behaviour
For He was
A tender Husband and Indulgent Father
A gentle Master and a faithful Friend
Being to All
Courteous and Benevolent Kind and Affable.
This Monument was Piously erected to His Memory
By His mournfully Surviving Lady."

Mann Page 2nd, eldest son of the Honorable Mann Page, Esq., and Judith Carter, was born in 1718 at Rosewell, where he always lived. In 1743 he married Alice Grymes, daughter of John Grymes of Middlesex, and their son was the celebrated Governor John Page.

In 1777 Mann Page 2nd was a member of the Continental Congress, which is about all that is known of his public life, beyond the fact of his having declined the Council of Virginia in favor of a younger brother. That he bore a strong resemblance to his grandfather is evidenced in the handsome portrait credited to Sir Godfrey Kneller, in which he appears as a true Colonial grandee in all the glory of red velvet coat and long curling wig. The portrait of Alice Grymes shows a slender, sweet-faced young woman in a pale-gray satin gown. Against her knee leans confidingly a little lad clad in crimson velvet, looking squarely into the world under the protection of his mother's arm. Both of these portraits, with others of the Page family, hang in the library of William and Mary College, at Williamsburg. His first wife dying in 1746, he married Anne Corbin Tayloe in 1748, she being the daughter of Colonel John Tayloe of Mount Airy.

Mann Page 2nd, who came into life burdened with the debts incurred in the building of the Rosewell mansion, asked leave to sell off most of the contingent lands in order to let his sisters and brothers have their rightful inheritance.

The homestead and a large tract of land he left

to his son, John Page, who was born April 17, 1744, and is known in history as the renowned Governor. The portrait done by Benjamin West in 1758 shows the embryo statesman as a sportsman at the age of fourteen, with flintlock musket and powder-horn. The snuff-colored small-clothes are fastened with silver buckles, which, with those on his shoes, add a note of dandyism.

John Page, Jr., as he was called in contradistinction to his uncle, John Page of North End, was with Washington in one of his expeditions against the Indians, and later was a member of the House of Burgesses. During the Revolution he contributed freely to the cause from his private purse, and even robbed the windows of Rosewell of their sash-weights, which he had made into bullets. He also rendered important services as Lieutenant-Governor of the Commonwealth and a member of the Committee of Public Safety. He was one of the first Representatives from Virginia in Congress, and was made a Presidential elector in 1800, being chosen Governor of Virginia in 1802.

In 1789 John Page married Margaret Lowther, daughter of William Lowther of Scotland, his first wife, Frances Burwell, having died a few years previously.

GOVERNOR JOHN PAGE

at the age of 16

From the painting by Benjamin West at William and Mary College

The following panegyric written shortly after his death in 1808 is an excellent summary of the life of this distinguished man:

"Hon. John Page was, from his youth, a philosopher and a Christian. From the commencement of the American Revolution to the last hour of his life, he exhibited a firm, inflexible, unremitting, and ardent attachment to his country, and rendered her very important services. His conduct was marked by uprightness in all the vicissitudes of life—in the prosperous and calamitous times through which he passed—in seasons of gladness and of affection.

"He was not only the patriot soldier and politician, the well-read theologian and zealous churchman—so that some wished him to take orders with a view to being the first Bishop of Virginia—but he was a most affectionate domestic character."

Rosewell, which was inherited by his son, John Page, was but little lived in after his death, and was sold in 1838 to Thomas Booth, of Gloucester County, who paid but $12,000 for the historic plantation, which he sold a short while later to John Tabb Catlett, also of Gloucester County, for $22,500. When Rosewell became the property of Mr. Catlett, the mansion was in sad need

of repair; the wings were in such condition that the new owner, by the advice of his architect, had them pulled down, and at the same time restored perfectly the massive central portion.

In 1853 the famous estate again changed hands, going then to Mr. Josiah Lilly Deans, of Midlothian, Gloucester County, and though it had been the scene of unlimited Colonial grandeur, under Mr. Deans' régime it counted some of its years of greatest splendor. Mr. Deans did much towards the perpetual preservation of both mansion and plantation, for, without changing the original effect, he restored all that was necessary with a true love and understanding. In his grand old home he entertained with a royal hand, causing the hospitality of Rosewell to be famed from coast to coast.

During the pitiable war which followed all too closely upon this gala period of Virginia, the mansion was fired at many times from Federal gunboats lying in York River, and but for the timely interference of some appreciative naval officers who had once been honored guests of Mr. Deans, the staunch walls of the old manor-house would undoubtedly have been but a pile of ruins.

After the death of Mr. Deans, in 1881, Rosewell was sold for division among the heirs, and

passed again into the Page family, through Philip Page, of South America. Some years later the estate was bought back by the Deans heirs, and when a subdivision was made, the mansion and acres fell to Mrs. Fielding Lewis Taylor, daughter of Mr. Josiah Lilly Deans. Through Judge Taylor's connection with the Waller family, Rosewell is still in the possession of the descendants of celebrated Mann Page.

The superbly constructed mansion stands today as firmly as when it was completed in 1730, and happily gives promise of outliving many centuries to come. In the old garden, lying between the house and river, boxwood hedges and old-fashioned blossoms grow in memory of Colonial days.

When a ball is given at Rosewell House, it looks like some famous beauty of the early days decked brilliantly for a less picturesque generation. Not long ago there was such a famous gathering under the broad roof, and when the Sir Roger de Coverley was danced, the flames from a thousand waxen tapers threw their light upon the happy, youthful faces of fourteen descendants of the builder of the mansion, seventeen of old King Carter, twenty-two of Augustine Warner, Speaker of the House of Burgesses,

and eight of that great gentleman of Westover, the second William Byrd.

In the spring the vast lawn of Rosewell is wrapped in a golden mantle of buttercups, while ox-eyed daisies stud the grounds in June. Cardinal birds, in loving memory of the little lad who holds one of them so closely in the old portrait, flash their gay plumage from limb to limb of time-worn trees loyal to the historic structure.

There is much to be learned in the staunch walls of Rosewell, an ever-increasing reminder of America's vital days, and through the vista of years now bound into centuries one realizes only too keenly the great debt those of the present generation owe to those who came before.

ELSING GREEN

OME twenty-five miles from the city of Richmond, lying in a picturesque country, where broad streams thread in and out among the hills, is Elsing Green, a splendidly preserved bit of Colonial days.

Nature is always kindly disposed in the matter of scenery in Virginia, and she seems to have spared little in King William County, which was carved from New Kent in early days; so, perched stolidly on a bit of rising ground not far from the Pamunkey River, this country-seat of the Dandridges vies with any in America. The estate was founded by William Dandridge, who, with his brother John, the father of Martha Washington, came to Virginia previously to 1716, these two being the progenitors of the American family of that name.

The Dandridges, whose English seat was Balders Green, Worcester, are said to have

gained their name from Danebridge, in Cheshire, and according to the family chart boast a straight descent from the Conqueror, as the following bit of genealogy attests:

William the Conqueror, King of England, married Lady Maud, daughter of Baldwin, Count of Flanders, and had:

Lady Gundreda of Normandy, married William de Warren, created Earl of Surrey 1098. Issue:

William de Warren, second Earl of Surrey, married Isabelle de Vermandois, who was a direct descendant of Charlemagne. Issue:

Lady Adeline de Warren, married 1139 Prince Henry of Scotland. Issue:

Princess Margery of Scotland, married secondly Sir Humphrey de Bohm, second Baron de Bohm and Earl of Hereford. Issue:

Lady de Bohm, married Reginald, sixth Baron de Mohun. Issue:

Sir John de Mohun, married Lady Joan, daughter of Sir Reginald Fitz-Piers. Issue:

Sir John de Mohun, first Lord de Mohun, married Lady Auda, daughter of Sir Richard Tibetot. Issue:

Lady Margaret de Mohun, married Sir John Cantelupe, Lord of Smithfield. Issue:

Lady Eleanor Cantelupe, married Sir Thomas de West, of Hamperden. Issue:

Sir Thomas de West, married Alice, daughter of Reginald Fitz-Piers, Baron of Wolverly. Issue:

Sir Thomas de West, who served in the French War of 1395, married Lady Joan, sister and heiress of Lord De La Warre. Issue:

Sir Reginald West, married Lady Elenor Percy, daughter of Henry Percy, first Earl of Northumberland. Issue:

Sir Richard West, seventh Lord De La Warr, married Lady Katherine, daughter of Robert, Lord Hungerford. Issue:

Sir Thomas West, K. G., married secondly Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Roger Copley of Gatton. Issue:

Sir George West, married Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Anthony Moreton of Lechdale. Issue:

Sir William West, created Lord Delaware in 1658, married Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Strange of Chesterton. Issue:

Sir Thomas West, married Anne, daughter of Sir Francis Knollys. Issue:

Honorable Colonel John West, born 1590, Governor of Virginia, married Anne ———. Issue:

Colonel John West, of "Westpoint," Virginia, born 1633, married Unity, daughter of Major Croshaw. Issue:

Captain Nathaniel West, married Martha, widow of Honorable Gideon Macon. Issue:

Unity West, married about 1719 Honorable Captain William Dandridge.

Thus it will be seen that the name of Dandridge is closely linked with those of proudest descent in England, and in America it is connected with such well-known families as the Spotswoods, the Sales of "Farmer's Hall," the Ayletts, Wests, Henlys, and many others equally renowned.

William Dandridge, who was a captain in the Royal Navy, won great distinction for bravery at the battle of Cartagena, and in the rooms of the Virginia Historical Society in Richmond there now hangs, near his portrait, the sword presented him by the Lord High Admiral. Prominent among his commands were H. M. S. Wolf, South Sea, and Ludlow Castle, his name being connected with Oglethorpe's in the latter's famous attack upon St. Augustine.

He married first Euphar Wallace, widow of Wilson Roscow of Hampton, and in March, 1719, married again, the second wife being Unity

ELSING GREEN
Built by George Braxton in 1758

West, a great heiress; and when he died, in 1743, Elsing Green was inherited by his sons, Nathaniel West Dandridge and William Dandridge.

On the 18th of June, 1747, the former married Dorothea Spotswood, daughter of Governor Spotswood, and it was their child, beautiful Dorothea Dandridge, who married Patrick Henry. The portrait of Dorothea Henry, now in the possession of relatives in Richmond, shows one of the brightest, most winsome faces to be found among the old-time beauties. Her simply-fashioned gown of some dark-colored stuff is set off by a carelessly draped mull fichu, while the slightly-bent head with its wealth of chestnut curls is rich in its large-eyed, expressive face, the curving lips of which would seem never to have known aught but smiles. Times have greatly changed since the day of Dorothea Henry; the estate of her forefathers has long since left her line, yet her smile lives on in the fair old portrait, unmindful of vicissitudes and trials.

From the Dandridge family Elsing Green was bought by George Braxton, who built the present manor-house for his son, Carter Braxton, signer of the Declaration of Independence. The letters C. B., with the date 1758, which are placed over the west entrance, seem to prove that to have been

the year in which the mansion was completed. The large two-story brick mansion, presenting architecturally the shape of the letter H, faces the roadway, and on the north and south ends are gambrel-roofed wings, which, though originally connected with the central portion by colonnades, now stand as separate buildings. Within doors the rooms are remarkably large and high-ceiled, each having an interesting little history of its own, but among the most unique features which belonged to the house in Colonial days were the quaint brass fire-backs in every chimney, each depicting some renowned event in history. Fortunately for the lover of the antique and unusual, one of these keeps yet its ancient place, and as the flames leap up from the blazing logs, the pathetic death-scene of General Wolfe stands forth in responsive distinctness.

During the régime of William Burnett Browne, who purchased Elsing Green from Carter Braxton, many art treasures found their way to the dignified mansion, not the least notable being a set of Gobelin tapestries which were presented to Bishop Burnett, maternal grandfather of the owner, by William of Orange, and a superb Holbein portrait of Sir Anthony Browne, Viscount Montacute.

Mary, the daughter of William Burnett Browne, married Herbert Claiborne, and to their son, William Dandridge Claiborne, her father left the estate, with the proviso that he take his name, in order that that of William Burnett Browne might be perpetuated. This second William Burnett Browne, who wisely acceded to the wishes of his grandfather, married Judith, daughter of Charles Carter of Cleve, and lived at Elsing Green until 1820, when the estate was conveyed to William Gregory, a prominent member of the Virginia Legislature just after the Revolution.

Unfortunately all the records of King William County previous to 1885 were destroyed by fire, making it impossible to tell the dates of grants and the number of acres of the old plantations before that time. When the manor came into the possession of William Gregory, he immediately added by purchase 870 acres, and again in 1832 gave to it 216 more, thus considerably increasing it in value as well as size.

In the year 1840 the old place went to the widow of William Gregory. She, dying in 1842, left it to her son, Roger Gregory. As the latter died intestate, the property would have been divided among his five children, had not Roger

Gregory, the second son, bought out the interests of his brothers and sisters, thus becoming the sole owner of the beautiful estate, which has been his home since 1840. Judge Roger Gregory has added 300 acres to the plantation since he became its proprietor, and instead of dwindling with the years, as so many Colonial homes have done, Elsing Green has steadily gained.

The mansion, now so serene in its comfortable setting of forest trees, has felt its years of trouble and days of sorrow. Twice has it been partly wrecked by fire, and but for the extraordinarily substantial walls would long ago have been a mass of ruins. Fortunately the interior woodwork alone was irrevocably damaged, but no sooner was this replaced than Federal troops, brought by the Civil War, stabled their horses in the great hall, doing unwarrantable harm; and though the years have kindly effaced much, there are still enough scars visible to hold the interest as historical landmarks.

In the old graveyard, not very far from the house, sleep some generations of different families to whom the place meant home. Blue myrtle links the silent mounds one to another; unselfish boughs bend low in loving protection over the quiet resting-places of those of various names and blood.

ELSING GREEN

Off the beaten track of travel, yet within easy touch of Virginia's greatest city, securely happy in its apparent country isolation, Elsing Green lives on in its dignified fashion, as it did when the Indians rowed up the silvery Pamunkey to creep steathily about for a glimpse of this white man's palace.

The old garden here had its place in the annals of early Virginia, and many and fragrant were the blossoms which returned year after year to their particular spots, each of which was walled in with gallant little boxwood hedges.

Elsing Green was made by those of a far different period from to-day, yet throughout its existence the wheel of fortune seems ever to have turned kindly, and, pausing before the old mansion, one must wonder at the stories it could tell—the tales of joyous meetings and sorrowful partings that have been its portion for the two long centuries during which America has been made.

MONTICELLO

HOUGH the name of Monticello is familiar to every one as the home of Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, there are only too few who know the true story of the mansion and estate that lie up among the clouds in beautiful Albermarle County.

According to the President's family history, a Jefferson was Secretary of the Virginia Company, and the name is found in the list of twenty-two members composing the first legislative body convened in America, the Assembly which met in Jamestown in 1619. This member was in all likelihood the Immigrant, Thomas Jefferson, who in 1612 came from Wales, near the mountain of Snowdon, the highest point in all the British Isles. He married Mary Branch, daughter of William Branch, and lived on a plantation in Henrico County.

MONTICELLO

Where Thomas Jefferson spent 796 days during his two terms as President

His son, Captain Thomas Jefferson, married Mary Field, daughter of Peter Field and his wife, Judith Soane. In 1706 he was Justice of the county of Henrico, and was made Sheriff at a later date.

Of the three sons of Captain Thomas Jefferson, Peter, born in 1708, was by far the most prominent, holding as he did the offices of Sheriff of Goochland, Justice of Albemarle, Burgess, and County Lieutenant.

When but nineteen, Peter Jefferson married Jane, daughter of Isham and Jane Rogers Randolph of Goochland, the latter being an heiress of London. Thus the relationship between the Jeffersons and Randolphs was established at an early date.

In 1735, Colonel Peter Jefferson patented 1000 acres of land lying along each side of the Rivanna River, at the intersection of the mountains, and next the grant obtained by his close friend and cousin, William Randolph of Tuckahoe. To the original lands he continued to add until the plantation known as Shadwell numbered 1900 acres, and here on April 2, 1743, was born Thomas Jefferson, Ambassador to France, Governor of Virginia, author of the Declaration of Independence, and President of the United States.

On the death of his father, in 1757, Thomas Jefferson inherited Shadwell, but when that manor-house was burnt, in 1770, he erected a small brick building on the part of the estate called Monticello, the Italian name for "little mountain."

The site chosen was the very apex of the mountain, and tradition claims that seven years passed before the sugar-loaf top was levelled, which when finished was but 600 by 200 feet, and rounded at either end.

The climb of 580 feet from base to summit is made easy for man and beast by a carefully graded roadway, winding around and around until the lodge, one mile from the mansion, is reached. Passing through the curiously heavy gateway, the beginning, at one point, of the estate which in the time of Jefferson contained nearly 10,000 acres, the road of bends and curves leads through the beautiful park, well stocked with deer in the early days, but now echoing only to the whir of the wings of birds.

Midway between the lodge and the mansion is the old graveyard, beneath the shade of a gigantic tree which sheltered first the tomb of Dabney Carr, the truest friend of Jefferson's youthful days. And though the boughs have since

drooped above more illustrious dead, one hears with utmost reverence the beautiful story of Jefferson's promise to his boy friend, that here, beneath this wide-branching forest monarch, which was their favorite study and resting place, they both should lie when life was done. True to his sacred promise, the statesman kept his word, and when the brilliantly gifted Dabney Carr died, the Monticello graveyard was begun.

Reaching the summit, a glorious panorama is unfolded, presenting an unbroken view of hill and mountain, valley and dale, for miles around. One enthusiastic writer, in fact no less a personage than the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, who visited Monticello in 1796, traces the extent of the view almost to the Atlantic Ocean, which, he asserts, " might be seen were it not for the greatness of the distance."

On the gentle slopes towards the south and east verdant fields and meadow lands roll from the very mountain's brow to the wooded plain below; the vivid green of early wheat-fields vies with the gold of harvest-time, while the reds and browns of the Indian corn are colors cast with reckless freedom from autumn's bountiful hand. And on the bleaker western side, where the north wind has full play, unbroken forests stretch for

miles, giving the needed form for so much prodigal color. In the distance hills upon hills arise, and mountains climb above mountains till lost in the misty horizon, as boundless as it is impenetrable.

Let him who lived there tell the story, for Jefferson loved Monticello, and the words came straight from his heart when, in speaking of its beauties, he said: "Our own dear Monticello; where has Nature spread so rich a mantle under the eye? Mountains, forests, rocks, rivers. With what majesty do we here ride above the storms! How sublime to look down into the workhouse of Nature, to see her clouds, hail, snow, rain, thunder, all fabricated at our feet, and the glorious sun, when rising as if out of a distant water, just gilding the tops of the mountains and giving life to all Nature!"

It was to this God-gifted spot, in 1772, that Jefferson brought his beautiful bride, Martha Wayles, the young widow of Bathurst Skelton.

The bricks of the original mansion were made on the place, but when improvements were begun in 1775, better were brought from Philadelphia. Being away so much just at this time, Jefferson found that the work must necessarily progress slowly, as he was not only the architect, but often

lent his aid in the actual building. It was really not until 1794, after his return from the French Court, that the work was resumed. The mansion which the Duc de La Rochefoucauld said "ranked with the most pleasant houses in England and France" was finally completed in 1802, twenty years having been consumed in its erection.

A distinguished guest at Monticello in 1782, the Marquis de Chastellux, wrote: "We may safely aver that Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how to shelter himself from the weather." And doubtless the Frenchman was entirely correct, for the classic lines of this manor-house, placed in the very centre of the mountain-top about fifty feet from the brow, are decidedly different from the structures previously built. In Monticello Jefferson set a fashion in homesteads, and it is to him that thanks should be given for the Greek revival which left such superb examples of the architecture of the day.

The best description of the mansion is from the pen of one of the descendants of Thomas Jefferson. "The mansion externally is of the Doric order of Grecian architecture, with its heavy cornices and massive balustrades, its public rooms

finished in the Ionic. The front hall of entrance recedes six feet within the front wall of the building, covered by a portico the width of the recess, projecting twenty-five feet, and the height of the house, with stone pillars and steps. The hall is also the height of the house. From about midway of this room passages lead off to either extremity of the building. The rooms at the extremity of these passages terminate in octagonal projections, leaving a recess of three equal sides, into which the passages enter; piazzas, the width of this recess, projecting six feet beyond, their roofs the height of the house, and resting on brick arches, cover the recesses. The northern one connects the house with the public terrace, while the southern is sashed in for a greenhouse. To the east of these passages on either side are lodging-rooms. This front is one and a half stories. On the west front the rooms occupy the whole height, making the house one story, except the parlor or central room, which is surmounted by an octagonal story, with a dome or spherical roof. The parlor projects twenty feet beyond the body of the house, covered by a portico of one story. The floor of this room is in squares, the squares being ten inches, of the wild cherry, very hard, susceptible of a high polish, and the color

of mahogany. The border of each square, four inches wide, is of beech, light-colored, hard, and bearing a high polish. Its original cost was two hundred dollars."

This beautiful floor, after more than a century of use and abuse, still compares with the most perfect modern tessellated floors.

Among the chief features of the mansion are the chandeliers, which tradition says belonged first to the Empress Josephine and hung at Malmaison.

During the Revolution, Jefferson being then Governor of Virginia, it was natural that Monticello should have been pillaged, and when Tarleton was in Charlottesville in 1781, Captain McLeod was put in command of the British troops sent to seize the Governor. "Meantime, a Mr. Jewitt, or Jouitt, of Louisa County, had ridden on ahead, and informed Governor Jefferson, who barely had time to escape into the woods. According to Lossing, *op. cit.,* Tarleton had pushed on to Castle Hill, where he understood many influential Virginians were assembled. Several of these were captured, among whom were William and Robert, brothers of Governor Thomas Nelson. . . . The delay for breakfast at Dr. Walker's was sufficient to allow most of

the members of the Legislature at Charlottesville to escape. Mr. Jefferson had not been gone ten minutes when the British troops rode up and found the Monticello mansion deserted." But Tarleton had given strict orders not to injure the mansion, and, not finding the Governor, McLeod carried out the command to the letter, retracing his steps and leaving everything about the house untouched.

The beautiful grounds of Monticello are a mass of superb old trees and rare flowering shrubs, most of which were set out by the President's hand, many being imported. But it was in the garden, laid out by himself, that he found his greatest pleasure and recreation, and imagination can picture the great man, with spade in hand or measuring-line, proving the happy truth of his own proverb that " Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God." So devoted was Jefferson to the country pastimes and delights of his homestead that even during his two terms as President he managed, so we are told, to spend 796 days at Monticello.

Resting in the quiet, beautiful spot for a moment, surrounded by the glowing blossoms that showed their first colors for the early statesman, one turns at the faintest rustle, half expect-

THOMAS JEFFERSON
From the painting in Independence Hall
Philadelphia

JEFFERSON

MRS. MARTHA RANDOLPH,
Daughter of Thomas Jefferson
From the painting by Thomas Sully

ing to see the masterful figure of Thomas Jefferson on his daily walk through the cherished flower squares, here pausing for a bit of pruning, or there beaming upon some rare new bud.

The luscious grapes that now ripen in such profusion, the figs and cherries that show such rich production, were sprigs and saplings in the first days of the plantation, pointed out with pride to many distinguished guests.

And with these last the hospitable mansion was profusely decorated, Lafayette, Kosciusko, the de Riedesels, William Wirt, Abbé Correa, Chastellux, La Rochefoucauld, Washington, Monroe, and Madison, as well as others of renown, having visited there.

With what regret Jefferson must have met the call to leave this fair estate of his own making, and yet perhaps he was spared the tingling humiliation that would soon have come to him. In the presence of his petted daughter " Patsy," Martha Jefferson Randolph, his favorite grandchild, and a few others, he looked his last upon his fair green acres July 4, 1826.

Some days after his death Mrs. Randolph, in the sad duty of gathering together his treasures, found a pen-and-ink sketch of a monument which he had designed for himself. This obelisk was

to be eight feet high, and with a base in keeping, upon which he wished inscribed:

"Here was Buried
Thomas Jefferson,
Author of the Declaration of American
Independence,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious
Freedom,
And Father of the University of Virginia."

These last known wishes were scrupulously executed by his devoted grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, who, though the debts with which the estate was burdened fell upon him, courteously declined the offer of assistance from the Legislature of Virginia and other States.

As no suitable stone could be found in Virginia, the shaft was cut from Vermont granite, into which was let a marble tablet engraved with the inscription. The grave and monument, the latter having been sadly hacked by relic-hunters, were in a pathetic condition in 1875, when the Senate of Virginia passed a resolution to restore and preserve both, appropriating $10,000 for the purpose.

The new obelisk is of granite quarried near Richmond, and is exactly twice the size of the

original, the base, plinth, and shaft measuring eighteen feet in height. In all other respects it duplicates the first. In 1883 this monument of the people's love was placed with appropriate ceremonies, and now stands enclosed in an eight-foot iron railing, the heavy gate of which admits no entrance. So until the end of time one of the greatest men of the nation will rest near his boyhood friend, beneath the gnarled branches of the venerable tree which bent low over them in the sunrise of life.

Monticello was a Mecca for Americans and foreigners alike. Some came from interest, others from curiosity, but guests were so continuous and visits were of such duration that this man who wore the laurel wreath was forced to consider mundane trials. Not a day passed but that the mansion was filled with visitors, while the ample stables housed their many horses. Jefferson's granddaughter tells us that sometimes fifty unexpected guests would have to be prepared for in the course of one day.

After his greatness, Jefferson knew no private life at Monticello, and the incessant entertaining wrought sad havoc with the income that had once been more than sufficient.

Six months after his death Monticello was sold,

and in 1828 the mansion, with 400 acres, became the property of Commodore Uriah P. Levy, an ardent admirer of the eminent statesman.

During the Civil War the estate was confiscated by the Confederate Government and the mansion used as a hospital, after which it was rented out to veritable vandals, who allowed the historic spot to be sadly desecrated. The family of Mr. Levy regained possession of it, however, and the reverent work of restoration was soon wrought.

After a visit to the beautiful spot, and a sigh of regret for the days so long dead, memory lives in silent musing, for, apart from its historic interest and association, "Monticello, with its imposing architecture, its great trees, its spacious lawns, and its wonderful perspective of mountain grandeur, illustrates the noblest type of our Colonial homes."

CASTLE HILL

IN the rare old days nobility was no stranger to the lords of the great Virginia estates, who counted house and dinner guests from among the royal ranks, and perhaps no plantation was more favored in this respect than Castle Hill, the picturesque acres of which roll in the heart of Albemarle County, and were first wrested from the Indians by Dr. Thomas Walker about 1740.

Thomas Walker, the progenitor of the Virginia family, came from Staffordshire, England, in 1650. Settling in Gloucester, he was in 1662 a member of the Colonial Assembly, representing that county. His ancestry was of the nobility, Sir Thomas Walker having represented Exeter in the Parliament of Charles I.; but the name of his wife is enveloped in obscurity, and though the Thomas Walker of King and Queen County was

in all probability his grandson, there is no proof to substantiate the fact.

This Thomas Walker married Susanna Peachy (?), September 29, 1709, and his second son, Dr. Thomas Walker, was the first owner of the Castle Hill estate. The old Walker family Bible, printed in 1589, which is still in the possession of one of his descendants, records his birth: "Thos. Walker borne Jan. ye 25, 1715." In 1741 he married Mildred Thornton, the Widow Meriwether, through whom he came into possession of the 11,000 acres comprising Castle Hill, a grant from George II. to Nicholas Meriwether.

Dr. Walker is said to have been the first white man ever in Kentucky, having explored that country in 1750, even Daniel Boone being thirteen years later. The hatchet with which he blazed his trail, marking the lands he acquired from the Indians, was inscribed "T. W.," and is supposed to be now in a museum in Louisville, having been found in Kentucky some years ago.

The approach to Castle Hill is over a road of winds and bends, through a superb avenue of stately cedars and locust-trees, which continues to the extensive lawn. On one side is the picturesque park of tangled undergrowth, where oak branches droop over evergreens and delicate

CASTLE HILL
Home of the Princess Troubetskoy

ferns fringe the great trunks. In sharp contrast to this forest primeval is the lengthy stretch of faultless turfing, relieved only by palms and cacti of the tropical zone.

In the midst of all this verdure, so entirely hidden by the density of the foliage as to be almost invisible from the road, is the two-story brick mansion, in its dignified repose reaping the harvest of a peaceful age. The exact date of its erection is rather vague, but is generally placed about 1764. The original house built by Dr. Walker is still standing, and though it fronted then towards the mountains, that is, northwest, when it was remodelled by the Honorable William C. Rives in 1824 it was made to face southeast.

Guarding each side of the mansion are gorgeously hued giant azaleas, while close to the walls are banked lesser but still beautiful shrubs.

The generous portico is supported on Corinthian columns, thickly hung with English ivy, the tendrils of which cling lovingly to the upper balcony rail. The wings, added by Mr. Rives in 1840, are used as conservatories, being perhaps the most extensive in Virginia, stocked as they are with rare exotics and native plants of infinite variety.

On the interior the key-note is luxurious space. A great hall, running its entire depth, connects the older with the more modern part of the dwelling. In all of the rooms on the first floor are treasures of art, and many interesting mementos of travel collected by Mr. Rives during his long sojourn abroad. Among the portraits, those of Mr. and Mrs. Rives and the group of their three sons, Francis, William, and Alfred, as children, are noticeable, while that of the Princess Troubetskoy, done in Paris, is the most celebrated of those of latter years.

The graceful circular stairway which connects the first and second floors is a marked feature of the interior decoration, and from the upper balcony may be had a glorious view of the surrounding country.

A broad and undulating meadow climbs towards the eastern sky, merging gradually into the woody vales, beyond which the deeper forest proves the necessary shadow for the nature-painted picture. Exquisite blossoms that know no human tending nod before the winds of summer or sleep beneath the winter snows, and masses of brilliant foxglove cover the fences and hang from the trunks of trees. Beyond all, the majestic mountain rises from the nest of hills,

losing its summit in misty grayness or cutting sharply into dazzling blue.

The first owner of all this beauty, the explorer, statesman, and soldier, introduced here the now renowned Albemarle pippin, one of the most delicately flavored apples ever grown.

Dr. Walker won fame for his diplomatic relations with the Indians, Castle Hill being a stopping-place for the sachems on their way to and from Williamsburg. According to tradition, he met with them under a great ox-heart cherry-tree which grew near the house till 1854. In 1775 he was with Washington at the defeat of Braddock, and during the Revolution both he and his homestead played an important part.

One of his descendants has given the following account of Tarleton's visit to Castle Hill:

" It was on the 4th of June, 1781, according to Lossing (see ' Field Book of the Revolution '), when Tarleton, with his British troopers, on their way to Charlottesville, Virginia, appeared at Castle Hill and demanded breakfast. Among the rebels surprised there were William and Robert, brothers of Gov. Thomas Nelson of Yorktown, Virginia, and Francis Kinloch. In their attempt to escape, the latter was pursued into the vineyard field by a British soldier, who

shouted, ' Stop, Cousin Frank; you know I could always beat you running.' Whereupon the Cousin Frank surrendered to an old acquaintance and relative. Living at Castle Hill at that time was a colored lad, about eleven years old, named Thomas Wilkes. Dr. Walker brought him to Castle Hill from King and Queen County, Virginia, and subsequently employed him as his body-servant. He was also at one time fifer of the Eighty-eighth Virginia Regiment. He lived to an old age, and became known far and near as ' Uncle Tom.'

" According to Uncle Tom, Tarleton's men were mostly armed with halberds and spontoons. They are a sort of spear, and samples of these weapons are seen in the Tower of London, in the room called the Horse Armory. Tarleton was on his way to Charlottesville, Albemarle County, Virginia, having received orders from Cornwallis to capture Gov. Thomas Jefferson (afterwards President United States), and members of the Virginia Legislature, there assembled.

" Tarleton was detained at Castle Hill about the breakfast, for more reasons than one. The cook stated that the soldiers forcibly carried off the food as fast as she could prepare it. This put Tarleton out of humor, and when he was told

that some of his men were breaking open the stables and stealing the horses, he lost all patience and became furious. The culprits were seized, and, according to Uncle Tom, punished in a terrible manner. Having been stripped to the waist, they were bound across tobacco hogsheads. In this position they were flogged with a perforated sole-leather paddle. The screams of the unfortunate creatures attested the severity of the punishment, but none except those who have heard Uncle Tom imitate their cries can fully appreciate it."

As every one knows, this detention at Castle Hill caused Tarleton to miss the capture of Jefferson.

Among other interesting stories, the writer above referred to relates: "Uncle Tom used to say that Dr. Walker had a remarkable dog, named Bowser. The Doctor went out, once upon a time, and remained absent among the Indians for the space of seven years. Upon his return to Castle Hill, one evening, his dog, who had not seen him in all that time, recognized his voice, and broke through a shutter in getting out of a room to meet him. The identical shutter was at Castle Hill in 1852, and Uncle Tom always took great pride in showing it."

Francis Walker, the youngest son of Thomas and Mildred Thornton Walker, was born in 1764, and on the death of his father, in 1794, inherited Castle Hill. He married Jane Byrd, daughter of Colonel Hugh Nelson of Yorktown, and it was their daughter, Judith Page Walker, born in 1792, who married, in 1819, William C. Rives, who thus came into possession of the estate.

Mr. Rives' mother was a Miss Cabell, daughter of Dr. William Cabell of the English Navy, who owned 25,000 acres of land on James River, he having emigrated in 1720.

Though Castle Hill was prominent as the home of the Walkers, it is undoubtedly best known as that of the Rives family, under whose régime it has achieved a fame that cannot be dimmed for many years to come.

William Cabell Rives, one of the most eminent men of his day, was a member of the General Assembly from 1817 to 1823, and in Congress from 1823 to 1829. He was appointed minister to France in 1829, which office he held until 1832, when he was elected to the United States Senate, where he served until 1845. In 1849 he was again made French ambassador.

The following letter, written by Mrs. Rives during Mr. Rives' first term at the American

HON. WILLIAM CABELL RIVES

RIVES

JUDITH WALKER RIVES

Embassy in Paris, gives an intimate description of the château of Lafayette, which place they were then visiting:

"La Grange, July 25th, 1830.

"My dear Sister:—We have desired much ever since our sojourn in France to pay a visit to our venerable friend Lafayette at his château of La Grange. Many circumstances have heretofore prevented us from enjoying this gratification, but we resolved a few days ago to pay him a short visit, as the necessity of his return to Paris as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, convoked on the third of August, left but a short time for him to remain at his château during the summer. We left Paris accordingly on the 24th, and reached the château on the evening of the same day, being a distance of about forty miles.

"The château is very old, and the outside being flanked with round towers in the antique style with thin loop-holes, it has the aspect of a fortified castle. This effect is heightened by the stream or canal which partly surrounds the walls, and which has once been the moat.

"The interior of the château is peculiarly interesting to an American, as at every turn there are objects that recall the remembrance of our native land. On ascending the large stairway, the first object that meets the eye is a large map of Virginia; a little farther on is another, of the United States. The

American flag presented to the General by the officers of the Brandywine forms the tapestry of part of the principal salon, and is an appropriate drapery to the picture of Washington which it surrounds. The portraits of our distinguished men each have their place, and with those of a few of the General's countrymen are the only ornaments of the salons. Indeed, there is an air of perfect simplicity about the furniture which is in keeping with the avowed republicanism of the owner.

" The château is always full of visitors, either from the neighborhood or Paris, for whom there is a provision of twenty-two chambers.

" The family is quite numerous, consisting at present of the daughter of the General, who bears the name of Virginia (Madame de Lasteyrie), and the lady of his son, George Washington Lafayette, with their unmarried sons and daughters."

Life at Castle Hill during the time of Mr. Rives is very beautifully described in an old letter written by one of his guests during a house-party in honor of Lord and Lady Napier, Lord Napier being then Her Britannic Majesty's minister to the United States, in the early part of Buchanan's administration:

" I need not say they are enchanted with Lady Napier, and she says to me ' she has met no one

in America like Mr. Rives, and but few in Europe' combining his many high and excellent qualities. But I leave her to tell her own story to you. She says she is perfectly happy here, meeting so much culture and refinement in the family. Everything with her is *couleur de rose,* regretting when fatigue causes her to seek repose. She was made at home at once, and so felt and acted. I only wish you could have been in the party. Drives, books, music, walks, and *jeux de mots* have all been in requisition. In our views of men and things Mr. Rives and I coincide, and we tell each other anecdotes of the past that chance to be new to each other; so you see, with politics, agriculture, domestic history, and even in genealogy, we have common themes. So time never hangs heavy with *me.* Besides, I have other associations. Mr. Francis Rives is here with his wife, only child of Mr. George Barclay, with whom and his bride I crossed the Atlantic in 1819. Mr. William C. Rives, Jr., on his plantation beyond the depot, married the daughter of David Sears, a sister of Madame de Hauteville. I knew her parents, and her maternal and paternal grandfather, besides sundry of her family and friends. Yesterday, as we returned from a visit

to her, in a wagon, Lady Napier, Mrs. Rives, Mr. Rives, and myself, on a rather steep hill we met Mr. Mason of Boston, uncle to Mr. Rives, Jr., just landed from the cars, with his travelling-bag in his hand, on his way to visit his niece. Mr. M. was on foot. He bowed to Mr. and Mrs. Rives, but was not recognized by either of them, not being expected; but he was by me, though I had not seen him for about ten years. He was my classmate and friend.

"This morning I made him a visit, and he and Mr. and Mrs. William Rives are to dine with us to-day.

"By Mrs. Rives' permission I send you a verbatim copy of a letter from Mr. Webster, from her interesting book of autographs, embracing valuable letters from Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Monroe, Randolph, &c., chiefly to her family and her husband:

"'NEW YORK, March 21st, 1844.

"'*Hon. W. C. Rives,*

"'MY DEAR SIR:—I pray to tender you both thanks and congratulations for your excellent and admirable speech in reply to Mr. Buchanan. It was read here yesterday by everybody, and praised as universally as it was read.

" ' It is to me quite unaccountable that Mr. B. should indulge in such sentiments as he expresses towards England. He talks as if England were *still oppressing and grinding us,* under a colonial bondage, and as a cruel stepmother, &c.; a tone, as it seems to me, quite below the dignity of a Government conscious of its own independence and its own power.

" ' It is equally marvellous that in speaking on such subjects, and in the face of the world, he should suffer himself to fall into such enormous mistakes.

" ' Whoever is about to impute dishonorable conduct to a government or an individual ought to be careful, one should think, about the accuracy of his facts.

" ' Mr. B.'s mistakes brought to my mind a humorous epitaph which some one proposed for the tomb of Wraxall. I do not recollect it fully, but it was something to the following effect, and more and better:

" ' " Mistaking, misdating,
Misciting, miswriting,
Misspelling, mistelling,
Ill-sorting, distorting,
Confusing, abusing,

Words, speeches, letters, and facts all:
Here lie the bones of Nathaniel Wraxall."
" ' Yours truly,
" ' DANIEL WEBSTER.' "

The little Gothic chapel which stands at the foot of the hill, and is clearly visible from the mansion, was the life-work of Mrs. William C. Rives. Known now as Grace Church, the chapel took the place of old Walker's Church, which was erected about 1746. The freestone of which the sacred edifice is built was quarried near the place. Carved oak and Virginia pine finish the interior, lighted by stained-glass windows, and the three marble tablets that are seen in the chancel were given by Mrs. Henry Sigourney, of Boston, while the bell, which weighs 1175 pounds, was presented by Mr. David Sears, of the same city.

Mrs. Sigourney, who was Amélie Louise Rives, was named for the wife of Louis Philippe, of whom her father was a great friend. The same name is now borne by her niece, the Princess Troubetskoy, who, as Amélie Rives, has won fame in the literary and artistic world.

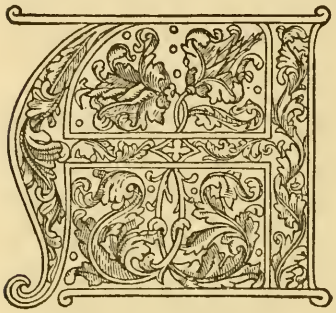
The future of this famous estate has been forever insured by Mrs. Sarah C. Rives, wife of Colonel Alfred Landon Rives, and the present

owner. In a deed dated June 10, 1908, Mrs. Rives retains for herself and three daughters a life-interest in Castle Hill, but should the latter leave no heirs, the property passes to the University of Virginia as a perpetual memorial of this most interesting family.

These vast acres, once the stopping-place of Indians and the meeting-place of the foremost men of an early age, now rest quietly in their mountain scenery. The meadows are clothed in the rich mantle of famed Virginia blue grass, for historic Castle Hill is now the celebrated stock-farm of Mrs. Allen Potts, daughter of Mrs. Rives, who counts among her hunters and hackneys a number of the finest blue-ribbon winners in the country.

After having once visited the charming spot and felt the hospitality of its owners, one agrees to the letter with Wirt, who said, " The people of Albemarle County are the society of nature; " and, once known, they are forever appreciated.

ESTOUTEVILLE



S the gallant Count d'Estouteville marched into England with the Conqueror, undoubtedly he had never a thought that his name was destined to be borrowed for one of the most sumptuous estates of a then unknown country. But tradition, history's elder sister, tells us that such was true, and Estouteville, the Coles homestead in Albemarle County, Virginia, is worthy of the name of its family's famous ancestor.

Among the many land-grants in Virginia to which was affixed the signature of George III. were four made August 3, 1771, to John Coles II., son of the first John Coles, who came to the new world in 1710.

This family, which now has so many roots and branches in this country, claims an aristocratic English descent. Many centuries ago, when England was vainly trying to bring Ireland

under her complete dominion, great inducements were held forth to English gentlemen who settled there; and taking advantage of an offer of many thousand acres, one of the Coles ancestors emigrated to Enniscorthy, in the county of Leinster, where his descendants still continue to live.

Perhaps had John Coles 1st, a younger son, not incurred the displeasure of his father, there never would have been any of the name in America. As it was, the hot-headed youth left the paternal roof for the foreign land, and there is a pretty touch of pathetic sentiment in the thought that the estate he founded here was called Enniscorthy, in memory of that more ancient home.

John Coles, the Immigrant, who built the first dwelling in Richmond, married Mary, daughter of Isaac Winston of Hanover County; and though he left a large family, owing to certain ideas of aristocratic inheritance the majority of his vast property went to the eldest son, Walter, John Coles 2nd gaining the Goochland County possessions, which a later subdivision brought into Albemarle. To the manor born of these lands the latter added the aforementioned grants, which consisted respectively of 200, 235, 200, and 150 acres, the whole having increased to 1831 acres since His Majesty honored John Coles in

1710. This was the beginning of beautiful Estouteville, which has always been held by those of one name and line; and let us hope that as new years and centuries roll around, new generations of the same blood will treasure the old homestead, as a wonderful heritage from an age that is dead.

The John Coles who virtually laid the corner-stone of Estouteville was born in 1745. He was a colonel of militia during the Revolution, and after the surrender of Burgoyne was honored with the command of the British prisoners held in Charlottesville. Apart from his great services to his country, he was a factor in the world of sport, being one of the most enthusiastic turfmen of his time and owning as fine a stable as Virginia, the home of famous horses, afforded. It was said of this Colonial gentleman: "He had the virtue of the old-fashioned profuse, Virginia hospitality developed to an unusual degree. He kept open house, and there was rarely a time when they were without guests. Among those who would come, not for a day, but for weeks, were Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Patrick Henry, Wirt, Edmond, John and Thomas Mason, Randolph, Tazewell, and a number of prominent men of the state." He married Mary E. Tucker, daughter of John and Elizabeth

Travis Tucker, and it was their son, John Coles 3rd, who built the present mansion of Estouteville, which to-day wins the admiration of every architect in the land; for the builder proved in the style, workmanship, and material of his manor-house the rare combination of artistic appearance and sterling worth.

The twelve-mile drive from Charlottesville to Estouteville takes one through the famed Green Mountain section of Virginia, the clay road winding like a broad red band through hills and valleys, always fringed with trees and shrubbery. Just a few miles before the public highroad branches into the private driveway, is the historic spot where Lafayette cut through the forest, heading off Lord Cornwallis, whom he forced to retreat to Yorktown. The entire drive is through country teeming with facts of history and legends of romance, which, with the divinely picturesque scenery, renders it one long to be remembered by the least sentimental traveller. About two hundred yards from the main road, the ten-acre lawn is entered. Here long lines of lilac hedges stand like sentinels, halting the presumptuous present and wafting over all their wonderful spring fragrance, which lingers till the rose-garden bursts into bloom.

Rising out of a grove of majestic trees, which drop from their huge arms trailing tassels of their foliage as a screen against the idle gaze of a curious world, the manor-house is most imposing. Immediately in front of it, where the large circle is bordered with old-fashioned rose-bushes, which live and die according to the sun-dial in the centre, the green folds seem to lift themselves that those really interested may enter and enjoy. Proud of the beauties they disclose, great trees are planted sometimes in rows and again carelessly dotted over the grounds, all serving to guard the exquisite spot from the too inquisitive gaze of chance passers-by. The abode of knowledge, culture, and hospitality, many distinguished persons have been entertained here, for Estouteville has always smilingly welcomed each generation as it took the place of another.

This handsome dwelling, replacing one of more ancient date, was begun about 1815, and since its completion has suffered no remodelling save one or two modern interior additions, which, wisely enough, have not been allowed to interfere with the original design in any way. The red brick house stands out in perfect harmony with its surroundings. In common with most of the architecture of this section, the lines show a Jef-

fersonian influence; for, once the statesman architect borrowed from the ancient temples, he started a fashion in houses which America has not forgotten, nor ever can. The main portion of the double-fronted mansion has two massive porticos, approached over a series of six stone steps and upheld by four enormous columns extending from the flag-stone floor to the very roof. One-story wings adjoin it immediately, thus greatly increasing the frontage. (See *Frontispiece.*)

Within doors the arrangement of the rooms has not undergone the slightest change. An oak-finished hall measuring forty by thirty feet is entered first, and impresses one with its charmingly open, light effect, given by two narrower hallways connecting it with the north and south wings. In every room an enviable collection of antique mahogany greets one, interesting pieces being card-tables, pier-glasses, high-post bedsteads, and candle-stands, though none compare in beauty and age with an old china-press filled with rare cut glass, inherited from the Skipwith family.

All told, there are twenty-five large rooms, and upon the walls of many of them hang the likenesses of some generations of the Coles, whose impassive faces look down upon the present

owners of their name and line. Of one of these, that of Edward Coles, it has been written: "In the beautiful hall of Estouteville, in Albemarle County, Va., there hangs an oil portrait of Edward Coles, painted when he was still in the full vigor of middle life. It is a good picture as a work of art, and is said to be a good likeness. It represents a Virginian of the best type. A relative of 'Dolly Madison,' a pupil of her distinguished husband, a friend of Jefferson and Monroe, his fine, well-bred face attracts at once the attention of every visitor who enjoys the hospitality of that beautiful home. Looking at his benign features, one is reminded again of how much our country owes to the great men of the Old Dominion, of whom Edward Coles was not the least in intelligence, courage and purity."

Edward Coles, who was elected Governor of Illinois in 1822, wrote the following very remarkable letter to one of the leading papers of the State in reference to its having spoken of him as "His Excellency."

"VANDALIA, December 10, 1822.

"GENTLEMEN:—Our State Constitution gives to the person exercising the functions of the Executive the appellation of Governor, a title

which is specific, intelligible, and republican, and amply sufficient to denote the dignity of the office. In your last paper, you have noticed me by the addition of ' His Excellency,' an aristocratic and high-sounding adjunct, which, I am sorry to say, has become too common among us, not only in newspaper annunciations, but in the addressing of letters, and even in familiar discourse. It is a practice disagreeable to my feelings, and inconsistent, as I think, with the dignified simplicity of freemen and with the nature of the vocation of those to whom it is applied. And having made it a rule through life to address no one as his Excellency or the Honorable, or by any such unmeaning title, I trust I shall be pardoned for asking it as a favor of you and my fellow-citizens generally not to apply them to me.

" I am, etc.,

" Edward Coles."

In the present age of title-worship, this letter of Governor Coles comes as a refreshing breath, ringing as it does with sincerity and true republicanism.

The interior and exterior of this old mansion have an atmosphere of stateliness rivalled by few houses in the country, while the interesting

antiques and souvenirs of history contained in it win for it prestige among even older dwellings.

During the Civil War, Estouteville was one of the objective points of the frenzied soldiers of General Sherman's army; but the damage done was soon repaired, and now both mansion and estate live as happily as if they had never been under the shadow of a dreadful war.

In the quaint old garden, or "sweet spot," box-trees have grown to be thirty feet tall, and, lying but a few yards from the house, its varicolored blossoms lend their bright glory to the landscape in January as well as June. Here among the flowers often wandered sweet Sally Coles, who married Andrew Stevenson, minister to England in 1836, and who wrote to her brothers and sisters at home many delightful letters giving intimate glimpses of Victoria as Princess and Queen.

One of these, dated August 3, 1837, describes a dinner with the Queen:

"Mr. Vaux, whom we found in the office, presented us an invitation to dine that evening with the Queen at a quarter past 7 *precisely.* Mr. S. was obliged to send an apology to the Duke, whilst I went to see Madame Dedel to inquire as to the costume, etc. At 7 I was dressed all in my

white crape hat with ostrich feathers—which had not arrived from the milliners—black silk, with black crape over it, trimmed with crape and black rosettes of berries and leaves, jet ornaments, necklace, earrings, bracelets; & at 5 minutes to the time, the hat arrived. And we did not get to the palace until many minutes after the *precisely* had passed. In trepidation I *ran up* the grand & magnificent staircase with as fleet a step as was consistent with my dignity, and through the superb suite of apartments, until we reached the grand receiving-room, where all the company were assembled, standing waiting for the appearance of Her Majesty. In a short time the glass doors of the next apartment opened, & she came forth in deep black, attended by all her ladies in waiting, maids of honor, & her ' august mother ' (the newspaper language), with her attendants, a goodly train. As we stood in a circle, the little Queen approached us & said something to each person with a calm and gentle dignity, as perfectly self-possessed as if we had all been statues. Her mother followed, repeating the same ceremonious courtesy, & then dinner was announced. She took the arm of Count Pozzo di Borgo (the Russian Ambassador) & led the way. The folding-doors flew open. The band, which was

stationed in a marquee below, struck up, and we found ourselves in a magnificent banqueting-room, brilliantly lighted, and the table covered with a service of gold so splendid it dazzled one's eyes to look upon it. The Queen sat midway the table, with her lords-in-waiting at each end. Her little Majesty ate with a good appetite, and did full justice to the rich viands, which were always presented first to her. After the second course, the lord-in-waiting who had led me in to dinner rose and drank the Queen's health. All stood up but the Queen.

" When the dinner was over, her Majesty rose and passed out first. We followed, through the rich and gorgeous apartments, which reminded me of the descriptions in the ' Arabian Nights,' until she reached the grand drawing-room, when she paused, and a circle formed around her. No one must speak first to Majesty; accordingly, each one waited to be spoken to. Her address was now more in the style of conversation. I told her how much I had been disappointed in not being present when she prorogued Parliament, at which she smiled and looked pleased. The Duchess's civilities always followed her daughter's. While this court of etiquette was going on, coffee was handed to us, still standing, and I

must confess I cast some longing looks towards the soft, luxurious sofas and chairs. After the coffee, a folding-door was thrown open, & the Queen, followed by her guests, passed into a magnificent picture-gallery, brilliantly lighted; but she soon returned to the drawing-room, when, feeling my republican legs about to give out, I glided behind the door, and seated myself comfortably.

"When I returned to the drawing-room, the gentlemen had returned and were taking coffee and receiving the courtesies of the Queen, who said something to each one. When this was over, she passed out of the room into one of smaller dimensions, where card-tables were set out & new sofas placed opposite to each, with tables and candles before them. On one of these Her Majesty placed herself, and invited the Countess Pozzo di Borgo to sit on one side of her, & the Marchioness of Salisbury to take the other. The Duchess of Kent sat on the other sofa, with the Countess Ludiff on one side, and as I held off, she sent a maid of honor to ask me to sit by her. When she conversed with me very amiably, I took occasion to speak of the deep interest I had felt in the accession of her daughter, &c., and when I alluded to her being the hope and the

object of prayer to the whole nation, the mother's heart, I saw, was full, & her eyes, too, but of course I spoke with *royal uneasiness*. Tea was then handed, & afterwards the Duchess approached a card-table & invited Lord & Lady Cowley (the Duke of Wellington's brother) to play, and also Mr. Stevenson. They drew for partners, and Mr. Stevenson had the honor of playing with her Royal Highness and of winning from Lord Cowley (who was obliged to play with his wife) 14 shillings. Whilst this game was going on, I had full time to look around. The Queen had sent her lord-in-waiting, who stood at the back of her sofa, for Count Pozzo di Borgo, and directed him to place a chair near her for him. The maids of honor had retired to the farther end of the room and taken chairs. The ladies in waiting & the invited guests had found chairs near our sofa, and the gentlemen stood apart, conversing together. As I sat opposite the Queen, I had a fair opportunity of getting her face by heart. It is one of very sweet expression, though not handsome; her eyes are blue & express softness and intelligence, but her mouth, that feature which always gives so much character to the countenance, is not good. Poor young thing! Whilst I gazed upon her innocent & happy face, my heart involuntarily offered up a prayer for

her future happiness and prosperity. She looked so young, so innocent & good, I sighed to think of the time when that fair brow would be wrinkled with care, that light heart oppressed with sorrows, and the joyous laugh be heard no more. At least, if we judge of the future by the past, such will probably be her fate. Who would have thought that Marie Antoinette's bright morning would have ended in a night of such utter darkness?

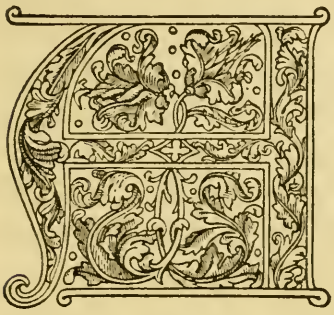
"But to return to Buckingham Palace, in all its light and splendour, & gorgeous magnificence, and to the dullness and etiquette of royalty. When the Duchess of Kent rose from the card-table, the company all rose too, save the Queen, who waited until we had formed a circle in the middle of the room, when she came forward, spoke again to all and each, then presented her soft white hand to the ladies, according to their rank, wished us good night, & departed. The Duchess repeated the ceremony, bowing and courtesying instead of shaking hands, and she also withdrew. When we were free to depart, after looking about and exchanging courtesies with each other, we were glad to find ourselves at our humble homes before 12. Now, my dear friends, I have given you a circumstantial account of this royal dinner, which I hope may amuse you. I

assure you that even here the curiosity to know how these royal entertainments are conducted is intense. But here everything the little Queen says or does is interesting to her loyal subjects, & it is amusing to think, with all this outward observance, the Queen has so little real power."

John Coles 3rd, owner and builder of Estouteville mansion, married Selina Skipwith, daughter of Sir Peyton Skipwith of Prestwould, and a near relative to that famous Lady Skipwith whose wraith trips nightly about one of the most historic mansions in old Williamsburg. With the name of Coles are intermingled those of Stricker, Roberts, Cocke, Singleton, Rutherfoord, Carter, Preston, Pendleton, and Bolling.

To the historian, the relic-lover, and the romancist, each step about Estouteville is replete with surprises and delights. The great manor-house is draped with legend and romance as with the luxurious rose-vines that climb and twine about its porticos. The home of statesmen and beautiful women, the abode of hospitality and learning, this old plantation, the remains of an opulent past, bids fair to live for æons in its invitingly picturesque location; for the gods were kind to Albemarle County, and seem to have given to Estouteville a life and setting far beyond the reach of many noble homes.

MONTPELIER



LTHOUGH the majority of the most famous country-seats of Virginia were in Tidewater, occasionally some of the old Colonists departed from this seeming rule and sought inland estates, partly for the grandeur of hill and mountain scenery, and again for the rich productions of the soil.

In the year 1653 John Madison, presumably the first of the name in Virginia, obtained lands in Gloucester County, near York River, which were inherited by his son, John Madison 2nd.

Ambrose Madison, the son of the second John, without regretting the paternal acres, felt the call of the hill country, and in 1723, with Thomas Chew, patented 4675 acres of land in what was then Spottsylvania, but became Orange County nine years later, in 1732.

In 1721 he had married Frances Taylor, daughter of James Taylor, a collateral ancestor

of Zachary Taylor, and one of the first settlers in Orange, as well as a very prominent man in the Colony. James, the son of Ambrose and Frances Taylor Madison, inherited most of the Chew-Madison patent, and by purchase at different times acquired the whole, which has come down in history as Montpelier, the home of the fourth President of the United States.

James Madison, in 1749, married Eleanor Rose Conway, daughter of Francis and Rebecca Catlett Conway of Port Conway, King George County, and it was there that James Madison, Jr., was born, March 6, 1751, though his parents were then living at Montpelier.

The estate took its name from Montpellier, France, and was always spelled in that way by the Madisons. The mansion erected by James Madison, Sr., in 1756 was the first brick dwelling in that locality, and was a plain rectangular structure cut in half by a wide hall, on either side of which were two rooms.

After the marriage of James Madison to Mrs. Dorothy Payne Todd, in 1794, plans for remodelling were considered, and were executed in 1809, the original building now forming but the central portion of the large manor-house, to which the wings built by Madison were attached

MONTPELIER

Country-seat of President Madison and where Dolly Madison reigned supreme

by a later touch. The first addition was under the direction of William Thornton, who drew the first accepted plans of the United States Capitol, and the architecture, as it is seen to-day, displays the symmetrical proportion of the old temples, some one of which doubtless inspired it. Montpelier breathes at once simplicity and hospitality, allied to impressiveness.

In this homestead Madison seemed to solve a question that from time immemorial has been unanswered, wreaking havoc in only too many otherwise happy homes. Realizing the truth of the saying that no two families could live harmoniously under the same roof, but being devoted to his mother, whom he wanted always with him, Madison had apartments built for her that were entirely separate from his own.

In the basement were two kitchens, one for his mother and one for himself. On the first floor was his mother's suite, consisting of drawing-room, dining-room, and two bedchambers, while the great drawing-room, library, dining-room, study, and office were the President's part of the floor. Madison's fad being statuary, in one of these rooms could be seen sculptures from the hands of famous men.

In the second story were eight enormous, high-

ceiled rooms, fitted with the Empire furniture of the period. In the President's own chamber was the four-post bed with crimson satin canopy brought by James Monroe from the Tuileries. All told, there were twenty-two rooms in the mansion, besides the servants' quarters, which were in another building. The ample wine-cellar which underruns the house bespeaks the entertaining which was so great a feature of the estate in its early days. For this Montpelier was one of the best equipped mansions of the old régime, and perhaps the design of the architect was drawn mainly to that end.

And in all the feastings and gay doings it was Dolly Madison who was the central figure. Much has been written of this first lady of the land, noted not only for great beauty but for marvellous tact as well, and who, one writer tells us, was through four administrations the most commanding figure in Washington society.

Dorothy Payne was the granddaughter of John Payne, an English gentleman who married Anna Fleming, who is alleged to have been descended from the Earl of Wigton, of the Scotch nobility. Their son, John Payne, moved to North Carolina, where he married Mary Coles, daughter of William Coles from Wexford

County, Ireland, but returning to Virginia settled in Hanover County.

Dolly Madison was twenty-five when she married the second time, and of her life at Montpelier a gifted pen has left the following annotation: "It is a striking comment upon Mrs. Madison's character that she could find happiness and contentment amid such simple surroundings and occupations. A vainer woman would have been miserable at the withdrawal of the adulation which had followed her for a score of years. A weaker woman would have sighed for the excitements of town life. Dolly Madison neither sighed nor moped, but set about living in these changed surroundings with a steady serenity, and the cheerfulness of a healthy mind conscious of resources within itself, and capable of setting its own tasks and making its own pleasures."

One of her chief delights was in caring for the terraced garden laid out by Madison just before his retirement from public life. This series of terraces, in the form of a great horseshoe, was meant to represent in size and shape the House of Representatives in Washington. Stiff boxwood hedges edge each terrace, bright with the bloom and blossom of many exquisite plants.

The ice-house, built in 1809 to suit a whim of

the fair Dolly, was the first ever seen in that section, and brought wonder and incredulity to the minds of the country folk, who refused to believe that ice cut in the winter could be kept through the gleaming heat of summer. Chroniclers tell that the President, in order to convince his overseer, made a wager with him of ice for a mint julep on the Fourth of July against a Christmas turkey. We have never been told the result, but it is pleasing to fancy the skeptical foreman breaking the ice for his julep and feeding the finest gobbler for his master's Christmas dinner.

The lines of this little building are more those of a Grecian temple than of a common or garden ice-house, and the upper part, with its dome roof and slender columns, is still used as a summer-house.

The same avenue of pine-trees leads north of the mansion to the circular colonnade.

Madison, being one of the most liberal of men, gave a long remembered lawn fête at Montpelier just after his retirement, to which tradition says every family in Orange was bidden, as well as numerous guests from farther away. Heavily laden and beautifully decorated tables were placed thickly throughout the grounds,

while those for the most distinguished guests were laid within the house.

Standing to-day, a solitary visitor, on the spot made merry that day, one realizes vividly the beauty of the scene, which, once the inspiration of poets, is now but a bit of history. Beyond the lawn, dotted with wide-spreading chestnuts and walnuts, stretch in sweeping undulations the meadow lands fringed by the forest below. Still farther away, though twelve or more miles in the distance, the main range of the Blue Ridge Mountains are visible, rising majestically to the arch of heaven. At the feet is a carpet of gold-eyed daisies, fair blossoms coming no one knows why nor how. Nature was prodigal in her gifts to Montpelier, and begrudged neither color nor form.

Like Jefferson before and Monroe afterward, Madison suffered from too many guests, of whom he said, " Some were bounties and others taxes." As the home of a public man, Montpelier was never without many visitors, who came and stayed whether asked or not. The following letter written by Mrs. Madison in 1820 gives a good idea of the way they were imposed upon: " Yesterday we had ninety persons to dine with

us, at one table, fixed on the lawn, under a large arbor. The dinner was profuse and handsome, and the company very orderly. Many of your old acquaintances were here—among them the two Barbours. We had no ladies except Mother Madison, Mrs. Macon, and Nellie Willis. The day was cool and all pleasant. Half a dozen only staid all night, and are now about to depart. President Monroe's letter this morning announces the French Minister; we expect him this evening, or perhaps sooner, though he may not come until to-morrow; but I am less worried here with a hundred visitors than with twenty-five in Washington."

It was to one of these many guests that Madison, always a good talker and a man of refined wit and humor, made the now celebrated play upon words. Being at this time very feeble, the ex-President, who was on a couch in his library, requested his caller to take a chair near him, adding, " Strange as it may appear, I always talk better when I lie."

Madison died June 28, 1836, at the age of eighty-four, and was buried in the old graveyard at Montpelier, where he had spent the majority of every year of his life. His tomb, erected

about 1856 by private subscription, bears the simple inscription:

" Madison.
Born March 16, 1751.
Died June 28, 1836."

It may still be seen, in a setting of riotous blue myrtle and sombre ivy, and as June follows June, marking anew the anniversary, the roses near him bloom their brightest, bending in fragrant salutation towards the marble monolith.

One who had lived in the house with this man of parts, who had been his guest and played his host, has left perhaps the most natural description of the mere man apart from the statesman: " Mr. Madison was small in stature, but in every respect a well-bred Virginia gentleman, very hospitable and liberal in his entertainments, with great powers of conversation, replete with anecdotes, and well constituted to shine in society. He dressed in the old style, wore powder, small-clothes, and buckles, and was unostentatious in his manners and mode of life."

Montpelier, with all other personal property, was left to Mrs. Madison, whose brightest days were over, as from then on her life was sorely

troubled by her worthless, wayward son, Payne Todd. After a life of more than eighty years, the much-loved, much-courted Dolly Madison breathed her last, July 8, 1849, and now she sleeps beside her " great little Madison " in one corner of the old graveyard. Above the low brick wall, mossy with age, rises the simple white marble obelisk placed by her nephew, Richard Cutts, and inscribed:

" In
MEMORY
of
Dolley Payne
wife of
James Madison
Born
May 20th, 1768.
Died
July 8th, 1849."

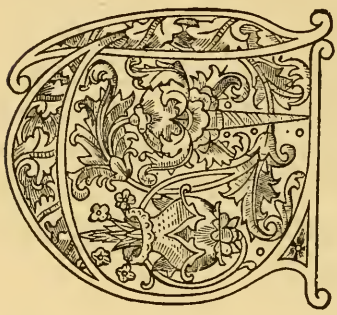
The spacious grounds of Montpelier are now more beautiful than ever, for a gilded wand has been waved above them in latter years. But many of the old landmarks still remain, and across the rear lawn yet stands the gabled stable built by Madison, in a grove of trees.

The path which leads up to the garden terraces

is bordered with the old boxwood hedges, now five or six feet in height, and from the upper terrace is the same unrivalled view of the ninety-mile chain of mountains, the cones of which cut sharply into the sky.

The estate has changed hands more than once since it left the Madison family, but the present owner takes the same pride in the beautiful acres and charming old mansion as they who placed its name in history, to live long after their call had come.

BERRY HILL



HE many acres of the Berry Hill estate, in Halifax County, date back to the time of the redskins, from whom they were claimed by Colonel William Byrd of Westover, who first saw their beauty and appreciated their value in 1728, when he was one of the Commissioners who ran the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina.

In his "Westover Manuscripts" it probably is to a part of this very estate that Colonel Byrd refers when he says: "All the land we travell'd over this day, and the day before, that is to say from the river Irvin to Sable Creek, is exceedingly rich, both on the Virginia Side of the Line and that of Carolina. Besides whole Forests of Canes, that adorn the Banks of the Rivers and Creeks thereabouts, the fertility of the Soil throws out such a quantity of Winter Grass, that Horses and Cattle might keep themselves in

BERRY HILL

Country-seat of the Bruce family

Heart all the cold Season without the help of any Fodder. Nor have the low Grounds only this advantage, but likewise the Higher Land, and particularly that which we call the Highland Pond, which is two miles broad and of a length unknown.

" I question not but there are 30,000 Acres, at least, lying Altogether as fertile as the lands were said to be about Babylon, which yielded, if Herodotus tells us right, an increase of not less than two or three hundred for one. But this hath the Advantage of being a higher, and consequently a much healthier Situation than that. So that a Colony of one thousand families might, with the help of moderate Industry, pass their time very happily there.

" Besides grazing and Tillage, which would abundantly compensate their Labour, they might plant Vineyards upon the Hills, in which Situation the richest Wines are always produc'd.

" They might also propagate white Mulberry Trees, which thrive exceedingly in this climate, in order to the feeding of silk-worms, and making of Raw Silk.

" They might, too, produce Hemp, Flax, and Cotton, in what quantity they pleas'd, not only for their own use, but likewise for Sale. Then

they might raise very plentiful Orchards, of both Peaches and Apples, which contribute as much as any fruit to the Luxury of Life. There is no Soil or Climate will yield better Rice than this, which is a Grain of prodigious Increase, and of very wholesome Nourishment. In short, everything will grow plentifully here to supply either the Wants or Wantonness of Man."

This seemingly incomparable tract was granted the North Carolina Commissioners for their services, and from them Colonel Byrd purchased it, calling it " the Land of Eden." Colonel Byrd sold part of the land to Richard Bland, who in turn conveyed it to Governor Benjamin Harrison, of Berkeley.

An old deed is still preserved at Berry Hill, giving the documentary history of the estate from the time of Colonel Byrd. This deed was given by Governor Harrison to the Honorable Isaac Coles, and states that the lands therein sold were formerly " the property of the Honorable William Byrd of Westover, and by him sold and conveyed to Richard Bland, Esq., bearing date the sixteenth day of April, seventeen hundred and fifty-one."

The Honorable Isaac Coles, the grantee of the aforesaid deed, sold the plantation to his nephew,

Isaac H. Coles, who left it to his nephew, General Edward Carrington, a son of Mildred Coles and Judge Paul Carrington, of Revolutionary fame. The tombs of these last are still to be seen at Berry Hill. About 1785 the estate was bought from General Carrington by James C. Bruce, son of James Bruce, whose wife, Sarah Coles, was the sister of General Carrington's mother, and it is under the Bruce régime that its fame has been established.

The ancestry of the Bruces can be traced back to Scotland, from which place came James Bruce, the friend, and some say relative or connection, of Governor Spotswood. This James Bruce, while perhaps not the first of the name in America, was descended from Edward, Baron Bruce, the favorite of King James I. and ancestor of the families now possessing the titles of Elgin and Aylesbury. By marriage with one of the Earls of Devonshire, the daughter of Edward Bruce brought the family into still greater prominence.

This Earl of Devonshire was actively interested in the affairs of the London Company, so it seems probable that Walter, William, and George Bruce, who came to Virginia about the middle of the seventeenth century, were induced

to emigrate at the advice of their kinsman. As the name of Lady Devonshire was "Christian," one rather unusual for a woman, but which appears frequently among the Kinloss Bruces, and as the same name was borne by a granddaughter of George Bruce, of the Northern Neck of Virginia, another link in the chain of evidence proving the families of the same blood seems to be established.

George Bruce was born in 1640, and the first record of him in Virginia is in 1668, when he purchased from William Pierce 180 acres of land in the Northern Neck. Several old papers show the names of his children, and among them that of Hensfield points to the belief that his wife was a daughter of Captain Robert Hensfield, of Salem, Massachusetts. His will states, "My plantation whereon I now live, with all the land, houses, orchards, fences, and other appurtenances whatsoever, thereunto belonging," are bequeathed to his youngest son, John. As the rest of his children had been provided for during his lifetime, their inheritance consisted of one shilling each. John was also bequeathed all his "personal estate, household goods, cattle, horses, mares, hoggs, debts, creditts, goods and chattells of what nature or kind soever."

CHARLES BRUCE

BRUCE

JAMES BRUCE

Charles, the brother of John Bruce, is heard of in 1731 as being in Richmond County, and in 1747 is spoken of as in "Brunswick Parish, King George County." According to family history, he married a Miss Pannill, leaving on his death in 1754 three daughters and two sons, Charles and William. Charles, who was born about 1740, resided at Soldier's Rest, in Orange County, an estate originally a part of that owned by Governor Spotswood and bought from his executors.

According to tradition, Charles Bruce was the manager of one of Spotswood's numerous plantations, at a salary of one hundred pounds sterling a year, and from this small beginning he accumulated a good estate. The handsome portrait now in the possession of Mrs. Richards, of Knoxville, Tennessee, is probably of Charles of Soldier's Rest, or his father, Charles of King George, rather than of James Bruce, spoken of as the Immigrant. This portrait, which for nearly a century hung on the walls of Green Bank, the home of Mrs. Frances Bruce Banks in Stafford, was taken to Mississippi in 1837, when Mrs. Banks moved there. From her it was inherited by a daughter, from whom it went to Mrs. William H. Richards. Being a portrait of

extraordinary merit, it was undoubtedly painted abroad, and represents an extremely handsome man with clear-cut patrician features.

Charles Bruce of Soldier's Rest married twice, Diana Banks being his first wife, and Frances Stubblefield, daughter of Colonel George Stubblefield of the Revolutionary Army, his second. The family Bible at Berry Hill records the birth of the sons of Charles and Diana Banks Bruce, James in 1763, Henry in 1764, and Charles in 1768.

James, the heir-at-law of Soldier's Rest, finding that Halifax County afforded more money-making advantages, moved there, where he spent the rest of his life. In August, 1799, soon after his arrival in Halifax, he married Miss Sally Coles, who was not only celebrated as a wit, but was the greatest heiress of that section of Virginia, being the daughter of Walter Coles, Esq. This ceremony was performed hastily to gratify the wish of the bride's dying brother, her only relative. Among those who witnessed it was Mrs. Elvira Cabell Henry, widow of Patrick Henry, Jr., and as the time was too limited to secure another ring, her wedding-ring was used. Curiously enough, in 1819, Mrs. Henry became

the second wife of Mr. Bruce, his first having died thirteen years previously.

On his death, in 1832, his estate was valued at more than $4,000,000, one of the greatest fortunes in the country, which was left to his four children, one of the heirs being James Coles Bruce, who brought Berry Hill into the family.

Born January 26, 1806, James Coles Bruce was educated at the University of Virginia and at Harvard. At an early age he was brought into public life, where, though he never coveted political laurels, he was always prominent. Though the present Berry Hill mansion was built in Colonial days, it was remodelled by Mr. Bruce about 1840, after his marriage to Eliza Wilkins, daughter of William Wilkins, of North Carolina.

This dwelling, of purely Grecian lines, is one of the most superb examples of Colonial architecture, not only of the South, but of America at large. The walls, three feet thick, extending from basement to roof, are of white cemented brick, and the eight massive Ionic columns upholding the front portico rise from a series of stone steps seventy feet wide. The beautiful entrance-hall is twenty-five feet wide and forty

deep, and claims the most striking feature of the interior, the impressive and graceful stairway which ascends from the heavy doors at either side. The solid mahogany staircase, with hand-turned balustrades, meets near the ceiling, continuing as one to the upper floor. In the drawing-room and library exquisite mantels of hand-carved Italian marble are particularly noticeable, and generations of family portraits gaze from the ample walls. In the former room hangs the likeness of the founder of the great estate, whose gentle, kindly face, with deep-set, intellectual eyes, is pictured long in the memory. The firm mouth and chin bear out what all the world says of this high-stocked gentleman of the old school.

Among other valuable treasures at Berry Hill is the great collection of silver, of finest and heaviest design. One writer states that even the bowls and pitchers of the sleeping-rooms boasted the precious metal. The same interesting writer tells us: "Here Mr. Bruce lived, like the lord of an English manor, in the midst of hundreds of slaves and adherents of all kinds—a sort of feudal chief on his great landed estate and in his county—where he was equally feared and admired."

From the rear of the mansion a colonnade of

THE CELEBRATED STAIRWAY AT BERRY HILL

two hundred feet extends, the floor, in common with that of the basement, like the steps, being of stone quarried on the place. Equidistant from the front of the mansion, presenting a dignified and classic effect, are the billiard-room and office, which, placed on either side, are miniature repetitions of the manor-house, to which they are linked by great boxwood hedges.

The grounds of this estate of 3600 acres are approached through a long line of stately ailanthus trees, the boughs of which droop protectingly over an artificial lake. The gently undulating lawn is enclosed in a picturesque stone wall, over which Virginia creeper riots in rich profusion and woodbine clambers with envious hold. But the *pièce de résistance* of the grounds and gardens is the wonderful lilac hedge of unknown age which interlines the boundary wall, casting a wealth of fragrant glory from white and purple blossoms when the May sun shines its brightest. Pebbly walks and wider driveways lead everywhere, under oaks of every description, maples and lindens, elms and sycamores. Hardy hickory and giant pecan trees, waxen-leaved hollies and gnarled catalpas, lend their shade, in contrast to the delicate mimosa, which shrinks at the merest touch. Off by itself

in one corner, a proud old oak of century growth is swathed and draped with English ivy, which clings to the farthest spreading branches and affectionately clasps the monster trunk.

The twenty acres of the vast lawn roll on all sides of the mansion, finally losing themselves in the forests and fields beyond. Violets and anemones, whispering pines and myriad birds, convince the most obdurate pessimist that this is truly the valley of Eden, the true land of man's delight.

Mr. Bruce was not only successful from a pecuniary point of view; wherever he was known his name stood for all that was best and noblest. A distinguished contemporary speaks of him as "the justest and most honorable man" he ever knew. At the beginning of the war his estate was valued at millions of dollars, one item alone being more than 3000 slaves. Just before the close of the war the master of all these fair lands died with few regrets, saying that he "felt a grim satisfaction in leaving the world at that time, as he knew that nothing but ruin was in store for his class." Berry Hill was inherited by his third son, Alexander, who married Mary Evelyn Anderson, a famous beauty, the daughter of Judge Francis T. Anderson of Lexington, and

she it is who is now chatelaine of the hospitable manor-house.

Standing in the shade of the classic portico which has been trodden by the great men of a century dead, the world is at one's feet; the mountains range like heavy billows, while the deep and shadowy valleys spread between. The fields and woods are in an eternal rivalry of charm, and over all the unbroken arch of the heavens melts into illimitable space through gradations of gray or blue.

In the Berry Hill mansion and acres, so well cherished and preserved to-day, are still seen traces of the early owner's thought, who by his life disproved the old proverb that the most difficult of all tasks is to live life well in a palace.

OATLANDS

N picturesque Loudoun County, that section of Virginia dear to the hearts of huntsmen, on the old turnpike, about six miles west of Leesburg, lies the 5000 acre estate of Oatlands, another of the famous Carter homesteads. These lands were part of a 63,093 acre tract bought by Councillor Robert Carter from Lord Fairfax in 1776.

The history of the Carter family is too well known to be sketched but briefly here, Councillor Carter having been the son of Robert Carter and Priscilla Churchill, and the most renowned grandson of the "King." He married Frances Tasker, the notice of the wedding which appeared in the old Maryland *Gazette* of Thursday, April 4, 1745, reading: "On Tuesday last Mr. Robert Carter of Westmoreland in Virginia was married by the Rev. Mr. Malcolm to Miss Frances Tasker, youngest daughter of the Hon.

Benjamin Tasker, Esq., a fine young lady with a genteel fortune."

The vast estates of Robert Carter, which extended along the Potomac and Rappahannock through many counties, made him one of the largest land-owners of Virginia, and though for part of every year his office caused him to live in Williamsburg, his happiest months were those spent on his superb domain.

Councillor Carter is described as a man of ample qualifications seconded by great wealth. In religion, though a bit fanatical, he was thoroughly sincere. Many stories are told portraying his noble charity, and he it was who proved the unchanging friend of poor Selim, the picturesque Algerian whose life is sketched by Bishop Meade.

From old letters and manuscripts still in the possession of the family, his most intimate associates are seen to have been the Washingtons, George Wythe, Peyton Randolph, Governor Fauquier, and John Page.

The portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds when the Councillor was in London in 1749 represents him in a fancy costume of the Van Dyck period, the puckered satin of which is relieved by the priceless lace collar and high cuffs.

The domino has slipped back from his shoulders, and the mask is held in one of his slender, tapering hands, the inheritance of his race. In the large portrait of his wife, Frances Tasker, the rich folds of the satin gown still shimmer from the canvas. Exquisite lace ruffles edge the elbow-sleeves, a bit of the same being introduced in the low-cut neck, and the chief touch of color is in the rich blue scarf thrown carelessly over her right shoulder.

Among the Carter letters, the most interesting of the Councillor's, from a view-point of history, was written in 1776, when Dunmore was trying to rob the planters of their slaves:

"Friday, 12th July, 1776: His Majesty's ship the Roe-buck and about 60 sail arrived in Potomack River; this fleet came to between the mouth of Yeocomico River and Saint Mary's River. Saturday, ye 13th of the same month, I, R. C., went to my Plantation, commonly called Cole's Point, situate upon Potomack River about nine miles above Yeocomico River, and directed Matthew Leonard, overseer, to collect together most of my slaves under him, to whom I made a speech, and I observed therein that the King of Great Britain had declared war against the people of the Colony of Virginia, New Hampshire,

COUNCILLOR CARTER
Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

GEORGE CARTER

Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New Castle, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia; that Lord Dunmore had the command of the King's Army and Fleet in Virginia; that part of the said Fleet, consisting of about 60 sail, was now to be seen from Ragged Point; that many of the people in Great Britain disapproved of the present dispute between them and the 13 United Colonies in North America, and had refused to enlist as soldiers;—therefore the King of G. B. had employed foreign soldiers to fight for him against us; that Lord Dunmore had called upon the black people in North America to join him, and he has declared that all white indented servants and slaves who may run away from their masters and enter into the King's service shall be free; that their masters shall have no further claim whatever against them. Question: If the King should be victorious in the present war, had Lord Dunmore honesty to perform that part of his Declaration respecting the *Slaves,* but will he not sell them to white people living in the West Indies who are now friends and subjects of G. B.?

"I further say that since the publication of Lord D.'s Declaration relative to Slaves and

Servants, that numbers of both sorts have joined him.—Titles, appellations of dignity, given to some white people in Great Britain and elsewhere, the origin thereof explained. Question put to the black People: Do any of ye dislike your present condition of life, or do wish to enter into Lord D.'s service and trust to the consequences? Answer of the black People: 'We do not wish to enter into Lord D.'s service to fight against ye white People of the 13 United Provinces, but we all fully intend to serve you our Master, and we do now promise to use our whole might and force to execute your commands.'—The only order I shall now mention, is that if any of Lord Dunmore's party of men should land in Cole's Point tract of land, that ye black men take your wives, children, male and female acquaintances, clothes, bedding, and tools, removing all into private places away from the rivers Potomack and Machotoc, and send a person off to Nomony Hall immediately to advise me at what place ye are gotten too, and I will then give directions tending for your immediate relief."

Of Councillor Carter Bishop Meade says: "Early in life his disposition was marked by a tendency to wit and humor. Afterwards he was

OATLANDS

One of the old Carter homesteads, now owned by William Corcoran Eustis, Esq.

the grave Councillor, and always the generous philanthropist. At a later day he became scrupulous as to the holding of slaves, and manumitted great numbers. The subject of religion then engrossed his thoughts. . . . All the while he was a most benevolent and amiable man. I might mention many others, of both sexes, with whom I have had personal and intimate acquaintance, who have been beautiful specimens of piety, without the versatility and inconsistency of Mr. Carter."

When George Carter, the youngest son of Robert Carter, became of age, in 1798, the Councillor gave him the estate of Oatlands, and in 1800 George Carter erected the present palatial manor-house.

The bricks of which the mansion is built were made on the plantation, and are hidden beneath a wash of cement, laid in blocks. Being his own architect, Mr. Carter has left an unquestioned monument to his genius in that respect, as Oatlands mansion is both substantial in appearance and more compact than most of the houses of that period. Crowning a terrace, the three-story central building is flanked with two-story wings attached directly to it on either side, and from each of these a pentagonal bow extends, the

additions having flat-topped roofs in keeping with that of the main part. The impressive front portico is supported on six Corinthian columns, the same Grecian lines being repeated in the pilasters.

Though built shortly after Colonial days, the influence of that delightful period is shown in the spacious rooms with lofty ceilings, while the arched entrance doorways of the centre hall are duplicates of those in the older houses. Rare furniture, old prints, and portraits adorn the interior, and though the hand of wealth has touched it, modernizing it as far as comfort is concerned, all of the old features have been either retained or restored, and to-day Colonial simplicity dominates the mansion in every way.

The entrance to the Oatlands grounds, which have much the appearance of an English park, is through a gateway of square brick columns surmounted by huge stone balls; through this the driveway passes, ending around the well-mown circle, in the centre of which a proud-crested magnolia rears its head. Trees of many varieties are dotted over the ample lawn, and some yards to the right of the house a grove of oaks and maples shades densely the thick turfing at its feet.

George Carter was a very cultivated man, to

whom the finer things of life appealed most forcibly. Being self-sufficient, and living in peace and comfort on his beautiful estate, he did not marry until the age of sixty, his wife being Kate Powell.

On his death, in 1846, the mansion and 3000 acres were inherited by his youngest son, of the same name. But troubles and debts came with the war, and when the manor-house and grounds were sold to Mr. Stilson Hutchins of Washington in 1894, restoration was much needed throughout the place. The beautiful terraced gardens, the pride of the first George Carter's heart, and laid out by him, were a mass of tangled shrubbery and rose-vines. Here and there some quaint old flower still bloomed in shrunken glory, piteously pleading for a look of recognition or a touch of attention for auld lang syne. The crumbling walls and struggling blossoms served but to add to the atmosphere of romance, born of thoughts of the gay laughter which once rang through them and the high-heeled slippers that tripped merrily along.

Since the estate was acquired by Mr. William C. Eustis in 1903, it has responded to the touch of Midas, and now once more the garden terraces are free of all but the most perfect care.

The upper terrace which surrounds the mansion is enclosed in a balustrade of Italian design, and upon it grow stately Lombardy poplars, evergreen firs, and maple-trees, with rose-vines growing with reckless freedom everywhere. The brick wall dropping vertically to the second terrace is fringed with ivy that hangs from above, and here the garden is a strangely beautiful affair. Boxwood hedges the precise little flower-beds, interlined sometimes with tufts of yellow cowslips. Honeysuckle rambles over balustrade and arbor, rendering the air fragrant throughout the summer months. Growing demurely in their box-bordered squares, violets, the daintiest promise of early spring, are rivalled by golden jonquils that, once planted, bloom year after year when the trees first bud and the birds begin to nest. Sweet-peas spread joyously over their borders, while in the midst of the riot of color white lilies lift their pure faces in benediction over the less stately buds and blossoms. Pink-rosetted hollyhocks stand like sentinels guarding all. White althea and purple lilacs grow in clusters, among which here and there a snowball tree scatters a wealth of snowy petals in the wonderful month of May. And everywhere are roses, climbing, twining, blooming with reckless free-

REAR VIEW AT OATLANDS
Showing the hanging gardens

THE HALL AT OATLANDS

dom, rendering parts of the garden a charming tangle of glowing bloom.

The wall which drops from the lower terrace to the lawn is of brick also, but upon a stone foundation. Ivy and ampelopsis festoon the wall and rocky bottom, clinging to the white balustrade that guards the terrace above. The entire grounds are now enclosed in a low fence in keeping with the balustrade, broken at regular intervals with red brick columns.

Mr. Eustis, who married Miss Morton, daughter of the Honorable Levi P. Morton, Vice-President of the United States, in 1888, is one of the best-known figures in social, diplomatic, and hunting circles of the country.

The rich acres of Oatlands are now a famous stock-farm, where many imported and home-bred horses are shown with pride by their owner. And seeing the peace and plenty that envelop the estate on every side, one cannot but feel that the brilliant and eccentric Councillor, that early Virginian who had education, money, and time, would rest content could he but know the beautiful fate of his Oatlands acres under a mind and master whose talents and qualifications repeat his own.

INDEX

A

Abingdon, 106
Adams, John Quincy, 33, 38, 240
Albemarle County, 122
Albemarle, Duke of, 155
Alexander, Mary, 27
Alfred the Great, 174
Allen, Joseph, 123
Alston, Governor, 155
Ambler, Jaquelin, 180
Anbury, 146
Anderson, Judge Francis T., 280
Anderson, Mary Evelyn, 280
Antoinette, Marie, 257
Apollo, the, 180
Appomattox River, 115
Argyll, Duke of, 155
Armistead, Elizabeth, 26
Armistead, Judith, 21, 130
Armistead, Miss, 22
Armistead, Robert, 164
Arnold, Benedict, 138, 146, 157
Athens of Virginia, 90
Aylesbury, 273
Ayletts, 210

B

Bacon, 71
Bacon, Nathaniel, 123, 174
Bacon's Rebellion, 70
Bailey, Fleming, 50
Baker, Thomas, 63
Baltimore, Lord, 105
Banks, Diana, 276
Banks, Mrs. Frances Bruce, 275
Barbour, 196
Barbours, 266
Barclay, George, 239
Bardolph, 42, 43
Barton, Lieut. Seth, 60
Barton, Thomas S., 60
Barye, 58
Baylor, Lucy Page, 181
Baylor, Mary Whiting, 67
Beckman, Mrs., 166
Bedell, Dorothy, 172
Bedell, William, 173
Bedford, 151
Belinda, 180
Benger, Anne, 67
Berkeley, Governor, 70
Berkeley, Sir William, 79, 134
Berkeleys, 22

INDEX

Bermuda Hundred, 116
Berry Hill, 270–281
Beverly, 78
Beverly, James Bradshaw, 77
Beverly, Mary, 72
Beverly, Robert, 38, 44, 70, 71, 72, 75
Beverly, Robert, 2nd, 73
Beverly, Susanna, 116
Beverly, Thomas de, 70
Beverly, William, 70, 73, 76, 77
Bird, Hugo, Le, 135
Bisland, Mrs. Margaret Buchan, 181
Bisland, Mr. Percival, 181
Blackburns, 108
Blair, Commissary, 175
Bland, Elizabeth Randolph, 73
Bland, Richard, 272
Bland, Theodorick, 135
Blandfield, 69–78
Bolling, 258
Bolling, Lucy, 131
Boone, Daniel, 230
Booth, Dr. E. G., 181
Booth, Humphrey, 64
Booth, James, 73
Booth, Thomas, 203
Boydell, 31
Boyle, Charles, 144
Braddock, 233
Branch, Mary, 216
Branch, William, 216
Brandon, 149–158
Brandon Church, 156
Brandywine, 237
Bransford, Alice Carter, 133
Braxton, Carter, 211, 212
Braxton, George, 211
Braxton, Mary, 133
Braxtons, 22
Brent, Sarah, 94
Brewster, Elder Wm., 147
Brocas, Eleanor, 19
Brooke, 63
Brooke, Catherine, 66
Brooke, Governor Robert, 64
Brooke, John, 67
Brooke, Mary, 65
Brooke, Robert, 63, 64, 66
Brooke, Robert, Knight of the Golden Horseshoe, 65
Brooke, Sarah, 67
Brooke, Sarah Taliaferro, 67
Brooke, William Hill, 68
Brooke, William Thornton, 68
Brooke's Bank, 63–68
Browne, Sir Anthony, 212
Browne, William Burnett, 221, 213
Bruce, Baron, 273

Bruce, Charles, 275, 276
Bruce, Diana Banks, 276
Bruce, George, 273, 274
Bruce, James, 273
Bruce, James Coles, 273, 277
Bruce, John, 275
Bruce, Mr., 278, 280
Bruce, Walter, 273
Bruce, William, 273
Bruton Church, 163, 179, 195
Buchanan, 238, 240
Buckingham Palace, 247
Burgoyne, 246
Burke, 42
Burnett, Bishop, 212
Burwell, Carter, 176, 181
Burwell, Edward, 173
Burwell, Frances, 202
Burwell, George Harrison, 181
Burwell, Lewis, 172, 173, 174, 176
Burwell, Nathaniel, 172, 176, 181, 184
Burwell, Rebecca, 179, 180
Bushrods, 108
Butler, Ann, 127
Byrd, 135
Byrd arms, 140
Byrd, Colonel Wm., 22, 26, 73, 135, 136, 139, 141, 143, 144, 145, 270, 272
Byrd, Elizabeth, 130
Byrd, Evelyn, 141, 142, 155, 156
Byrd, Jane, 236
Byrd, Maria, 22, 26
Byrd, Mrs. Mary Willing, 143
Byrd, Ursula, 73
Byrd, William, 2nd, 139, 155, 158, 206
Byrd, William, 3rd, 138, 146
Byron, Lord, 33

C

Cabell, Dr. William, 236
Cabell, Miss, 236
Calvert, Benedict, 105
Calverts, 108
Canning, George, 38
Carey, Ann, 121
Carey, Colonel Archibald, 121
Caroline, Queen, 81
Carr, Dabney, 218, 219
Carrington, Gen. Edward, 273
Carrington, Judge Paul, 273
Carrolls, 108
Carter, 258
Carter, Anne, 19
Carter, Charles, 87, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 213

INDEX

Carter, Colonel John, 18, 19
Carter, Colonel Landon, 18 26, 27, 38, 77
Carter, Councillor Robert, 282, 283, 286
Carter, Elizabeth, 176
Carter, George, 287, 288, 289
Carter, Hill, 133
Carter, homestead of, 282
Carter, Jane, 77
Carter, John, 146
Carter, John, Secretary, 76, 126, 129
Carter, Judith, 199, 200
Carter, King, see Carter, Robert of Corotoman.
Carter, Landon, 2nd, 26
Carter, letters, 284
Carter, Mary, 128
Carter, Mary W., 127
Carter, Richardetta, 77
Carter, Dr. Robert, 132
Carter, Robert, 130, 282, 283, 287
Carter, Robert of Corotoman, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 28, 38, 44, 126, 130, 151, 184, 199, 200, 205
Carter, Robert Randolph, 133
Carter, Robert Wormeley, 26
Carter, William, 146
Carter's Grove, 172–182
Cary, 151
Castle Hill, 229–243
Catlett, John Tabb, 203
Chamberlayne, 136
Chamberlin, 189
Champes, 22
Chantilly, 90
Charles I., 44, 79, 92, 229
Charles II., 18, 29, 92
Charles City County, 85
Chastellux, Marquis de, 134, 221, 225
Chatham, 42–51
Chatsworth, 45
Chesapeake River, 172
Chew, Mistress Peggy, 58
Chew, Thomas, 259
Chew-Madison, 260
Chiles, Elizabeth, 163
Chippendale, 139, 155
Christ Church, Lancaster Co., 20
Christian, Robert, 165
Churchill, Hannah, 151
Churchill, Judith, 116, 121
Churchill, Priscilla, 282
Claiborne, Herbert, 213
Claiborne, William Dandridge, 213
Clay, Henry, 33
Claypole, Lady Betty, 156
Coalter, 49

INDEX

Cocke, 258
Cocke, Bowler, 127
Cole, Col. William, 174
Coverly, Sir Roger de, 205
Coles, 244, 245, 249
Coles, Edward, 250, 251
Coles, Isaac, 272
Coles, Isaac H., 273
Coles, John, 1st, 244, 245
Coles, John, 2nd, 244, 245
Coles, John, 3rd, 247, 258
Coles, Mary, 262
Coles, Mildred, 273
Coles, Sally, 252
Coles, Sarah, 273, 276
Coles, Walter, 276
Coles, William, 262
Communion Service, 156
Congressional Library, 75
Contesse, Anne, 164
Contesse, Dr. Louis, 163
Conway, Eleanor Rose, 260
Conway, Francis, 260
Conway, Rebecca Catlett, 260
Cook, Anna Maria, 31
Coolidge, J. Randolph, 123
Corbin, Alice Eltonhead, 81
Corbin, Anne, 37
Corbin, Henry, 29
Corbin, Richard, 33
Cornwallis, Lord, 146, 187, 234, 247
Correa, Abbé, 225
Cowley, Lord and Lady, 256
Cowpens, 58
Coxe, Esther Maria, 111
Cromwell, Oliver, 92, 156
Culpeper County, 109
Culpeper, Lord, 29, 44
Currie, Mrs., 132
Currie, Rev. Mr., 131
Custis, Eleanor Parke, 105, 112
Custis, George Washington Parke, 48, 112
Custis, Martha, 48
Custis, Nellie, 54, 105, 106, 108, 111, 112
Custis, John Parke, 105
Custises, 108
Cutts, Richard, 268

D

Dale, Sir Thomas, 115, 125
Dandridge, Capt. William, 210
Dandridge, Dorothea, 211
Dandridge, John, 48
Dandridge, Nathaniel West, 211
Dandridge, William, 207, 211
Dandridges, 108, 207
Davis, John, 73
Deans, Jeanie, 155

INDEX

Deans, Josiah Lilly, 204, 205
Delaware, Lords, 134
Devonshire, Earls of, 273
Devonshire, Lady, 274
Dick, Mary, 107
Dickens, Frances, 120
Dickens, Margaret Harvie, 121
Digges, Colonel Cole, 151
Digges, Mary, 151
"Divine Matilda," 87
Dorset, Earl of, 106
Douthat, 146
Drewery, Major, 147
Dunmore, Lord, 35, 98, 99, 284, 285, 286

E

Eagle's Nest, 44
Edgar, Miss, 94
Edmond, 246
Edward I., 65
Edward III., 42, 136
Egremont, Earl, 156
Eilbeck, Anne, 94, 95
Eilbeck, Colonel William, 94, 95
Elgin, 273
Elsing Green, 207–215
Eltonhead, Alice, 29
Empress Josephine, 223
Engham, Sir Thomas, 64
Essex County, 44, 64
Estouteville, 244–258
Estouteville, Count d', 244
Eton, 197
Eustis, William C., 289, 291

F

"Fair Belinda," 179
Fairfax County, 49
Fairfax, Lord, 282
Fanelli, 169
Farmer's Hall, 65
Fauntleroy, Elizabeth Gwynne, 30
Fauntleroy tract, 18
Fauquier County, 77
Fauquier, Governor, 283
Fendall, Philip Richard, 87
Field, Mary, 217
Field, Peter, 217
Fielding, Frances, 53, 107
Fitzhugh, 42
Fitzhugh, Henry, 43, 49, 151
Fitzhugh, Lucy Carter, 151
Fitzhugh, Mary, 48
Fitzhugh, Mr., 157
Fitzhugh, William, 42, 43, 44, 45, 47, 49
Fitzhughs, 22
Fitzroy, Lady Charlotte, 105
Fleming, Anna, 262
Floyd, Governor, 167

INDEX

Franklin, Benjamin, 146, 155
Fredericksburg, 42, 50, 52
Fouace, Rev. Mr., 175
Fowke, Mary, 94

G

Gardiner, Hon. David, 168
Gardiner, Lyon, 147
"Genial Seigneur," 142, 148
George I., 21, 64
George II., 66, 142, 230
George III., 244
"Ghost Walk," 47
Gloucester County, 53, 107, 116
Glyn, Jane, 19
Golden Horseshoe, Knights of the, 64, 72, 94
Gooch, Sir William, 81
Goodlestone, 64
Goodrich, Catherine, 32
Gordon, Mr., 60
Grace Church, 242
Graves, Lord, 38
Gregory, Roger, 214
Gregory, William, 213
Gryme, Mrs., 32
Grymes, Alice, 200, 201
Grymes, John, 176, 200
Grymes, Mary Randolph, 186
Grymes, Susanna, 181
Gunston Hall, 92–103

H

Halifax, Lord, 156
Hambletonian Stables, 35
Hamilton, 240
Hancock, 80
Hansford, 71
Hardaway, Edith, 163
Harrison, Anne Randolph, 155
Harrison, Benjamin, 86, 157
Harrison, Benjamin, 2nd, 154
Harrison, Col. Nathaniel, 152, 158
Harrison, George Evelyn, 157, 158
Harrison, Governor, 272
Harrison, Mrs. Benjamin, 153, 156
Harrison, Mrs. Evelyn Byrd, 157
Harrison, Nathaniel, 150, 151
Harrison, Nathaniel, 2nd, 154
Harrison, William Henry, 159
Harrisons, 146, 150
Harvard University, 44, 277

INDEX

Harvie, Gabriella, 121, 122
Hauteville, Madame de, 239
Hayden, 52
Healy, 168
Henlys, 210
Henry VIII., 43
Henry, Dorothea, 211
Henry, Governor, 35
Henry, Mrs. Elvira Cabell, 276
Henry, Patrick, 100, 164, 211, 246
Henry, Patrick, Jr., 276
Hensfield, Captain Robert, 274
Hepplewhite, 139
Hesselius, 44, 95
Higginson, Lucy, 173
Hill, Colonel Edward, 128, 129, 130
Hill, Edward, 126
Hill, Elizabeth, 127, 129
Hill, Henrietta, 31
Hill, Sir Edward, 126
Holbein, 212
Hone, Major Theophilus, 71
Hooker, 49
Hopkins, Gov. Stephen, 147
Hopkins, Mrs. St. George, 68
Horsemanden, Colonel Warham, 135
Horseshoe, Knights of the Golden, 64, 72, 94
Houston, Fanny, 184
Howard, Colonel John Eager, 58
Howard, John Eager, 61
Howard, W. Key, 60
Howard, William, 61
Humphreys, Louise, 133
Hutchins, Mr. Stilson, 289

I

Indian Cave, 47
Ingleby, Lady Frances, 150
Ingram, 71
Irving, Washington, 72
Isham, Henry, 116
Isham, Mary, 116

J

James I., 173, 273
James City County, 85
James River, 18, 105, 115, 116, 124, 125, 134, 135, 138, 146, 149, 151, 157, 159, 170, 172, 177, 236
Jamestown, 73, 125, 216
Jefferson, Martha, 123
Jefferson, Peter, 217
Jefferson, Thomas, 33, 61, 97, 100, 101, 118, 119, 122, 123, 152, 179, 180, 199, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 234, 235, 240, 246, 250, 263, 265

Jewitt, 223
Jones, Major Churchill, 49
Josephine, Empress, 223

K

Keith, William, 122
Kenmore, 52–62
Kent, Duchess of, 255, 257
Kester, Paul, 102
Key, Francis Scott, 60
King George County, 44, 53, 107
King John, 70
King and Queen County, 72
King William County, 127
King's Highway, 89, 98
Kinloch, Francis, 233
Kneller, Sir Godfrey, 32, 105, 126, 156, 201
Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, 64, 72, 94
Knollys, Sir Francis, 209
Kosciusko, 225

L

Lacy, Major, 50
Lacy, Mrs. J. Horace, 49
" Lacy's," 49
Lafayette, George Washington, 238
Lafayette, Marquis de, 27, 33, 35, 47, 61, 97, 111, 154, 187, 190, 225, 237, 247
Lambeth Palace, 176
Lancaster County, 29
Landon, Elizabeth, 22
Landons, 21
Lane, Richard, 115
Lawrence, 71
Lear, John, 174
Lee, Charles Carter, 88
Lee, Colonel Richard, 80, 81
Lee, Colonel Thomas, 82
Lee family, 79
Lee, Francis Lightfoot, 37, 83
Lee, General Henry, 38, 87, 127
Lee, General Robert E., 49, 83, 87, 128
Lee, Hon. Thomas, 89
Lee, Humphrey, 79
Lee, Lætitia Corbin, 44
Lee, Lucy Grymes, 87
Lee, Major-Gen. Henry, 87
Lee, Major Henry, 87, 88
Lee, Matilda, 87
Lee Memorial Birthplace Committee, 88
Lee, Mrs. Robert E., 112
Lee, Philip Ludwell, 87
Lee, Richard, 79
Lee, Richard Henry, 27, 83, 100
Lee, Sir Richard, 79
Lee, Sir Thomas, 79

INDEX

Lee, Thomas, 81, 85
Lees, 22, 108
Leesburg, 282
Lely, Sir Peter, 80, 157, 195
Levy, Commodore Uriah P., 228
Lewis, 107, 109
Lewis, Colonel, 55, 60
Lewis, Colonel Fielding, 52, 53, 59, 107
Lewis, Councillor John, 53
Lewis family, 106
Lewis, General Robert, 53, 107
Lewis, John, 53
Lewis, Lawrence, 107, 108
Lewis, Major Lawrence, 54, 105
Lewis, Mrs. Lawrence, 111
Lewis, Robert, 53
Lewis, Zachary, 53
Lewises, 108
"Light Horse Harry," 87, 128
Lightfoot, Francis, 85
Lloyd, Colonel Edward, of Wye, 37
Lloyd, Governor Edward, 37
Lomax, Major Thomas, 37
London Company, 93, 273
Long Parliament, 92
Lossing, 223, 233
Louis Philippe, 242
Low, Elizabeth, 163
Lowther, Margaret, 202
Lowther, William, 202
Luckin, Alice, 194
Ludiff, Countess, 255
Ludlow, Sarah, 19
Ludwell, 71
Ludwell, Colonel Philip, 85
Ludwell, Hannah, 85
Ludwell, Philip, 85, 86
Lyde, David, 33
Lyde, Major Stephen, 30

M

Macon, Mrs., 266
Madison, Ambrose, 259
Madison, Dolly, 250, 262, 263, 268
Madison family, 269
Madison, James, 29, 33, 100, 101, 225, 240, 246, 260, 261, 263, 265, 266, 267, 268
Madison, John, 259
Madison, John, 2nd, 259
Madison, Thomas, Jr., 260
Magruder, General, 190
Mainwaring, Mary, 64
Malcolm, Mr., 282
Malmaison, 223
Mann, Mary, 196
Marie Antoinette, 257

Marlborough, Duke of, 105, 136
Marmion, 53, 107
Marshall, Chief-Justice, 33, 122, 180
Martin, James, 150
Martin, Sir Richard, 150
Martin's Brandon Church, 156
Mary, Queen of Scots, 114
Marye's Heights, 48
Mason, 98
Mason, Colonel, 95
Mason, Daniel, 92
Mason, George, 92, 93, 95, 97, 99, 100, 101, 102
Mason, George, 3rd, 94
Mason, John, 246
Mason, Mr., 109, 240
Mason, Robert, 93
Mason, Thomas, 246
Mason, William, 92
Masons, 92, 108
McCarty, Daniel, 87
McCarty, Miss, 88
McClellan, 146
McDowell, 49
McLeod, Captain, 223
Meade, Bishop, 20, 90, 174, 283, 286
Meriwether, Nicholas, 230
Meriwether, Widow, 230
Middle Plantation, 160
Middlesex County, 70
Minge, Collier, 159
Minges, 159, 167
Moncure, John, 95
Monroe, James, 29, 33, 225, 240, 246, 250, 262, 265, 266
Montacute, Viscount, 212
Monticello, 216–228
Montpelier, 259–269
Moore, Ann Butler, 130
Moore, Bernard, 127
Mordaunt, Charles, 142
Morton, Hon. Levi P., 291
Morton, Miss, 291
Moryson, Francis, 71
Mount Airy, 29–41
Mount Alexander, 64
Mount George, 64, 65
Mount Pleasant, 90
Mount Vernon, 104, 108, 109, 111

N

Napier, Lady, 238, 240
Napier, Lord, 238
Nelson, Colonel Hugh, 236
Nelson, General, 187
Nelson, General Thomas, 132
Nelson, Governor, 188, 189
Nelson House, 183–191
Nelson, Mary, 130
Nelson, Mrs. 190
Nelson, Sarah, 183

INDEX

Nelson, Thomas, 183, 184, 186, 233
Nelsons, 22
Nelton, Thomas, 223
Nicholson, Governor, 174, 175

O

Oatlands, 282–291
Octagon House, 32
Ogle, Anne, 32
Ogle, Benjamin, Jr., 31
Ogle, Governor Benjamin, 31, 38
Ogle, Governor Samuel, 31
Ogle, Mrs., 31
Oglethorpe, 210
Orchard, Ann, 162
Orrery, Earl of, 144, 156
Oxford, 80

P

Page, Alice Lucken, 196
Page, Capt. Matthew, 194, 196, 197
Page, Colonel John, 38, 194, 195, 196
Page, Colonel Mann, 38
Page, Dr. Richard Channing Moore, 193
Page, Gov. John, 200
Page, John, 163, 180, 192, 193, 202, 203, 283
Page, Lucy, 181
Page, Major-General Sir John, 193
Page, Mann, 121, 181, 197, 198, 199, 205
Page, Mann, 2nd, 200, 201
Page, Mary, 121
Page, Matthew, 199
Page, Mrs. Mann, 33
Page, Philip, 205
Page, Sir Gregory, 193
Page, Sir Thomas Hyde, 193
Page, Thomas, 193
Palace Green, 163
Pamunkey River, 207, 215
Pannill, Miss, 275
Parke, Colonel Daniel, 105, 136
Parke, Governor, 156
Parke, Lucy, 136
Parliament, 43, 93
Parr, Catherine, 43
Patterson, Lucy, 121, 122
Paulett, Capt. Thomas, 134
Paulett, Sir John, 134
Pawnee, 67
Payne, Dorothy, 262
Payne, John, 262
Peachy, Susanna, 230
Peale, Charles Wilson, 130, 157
Pendleton, 258
Perry, Wm., 141

Peter, Jane, 77
Peterborough, Earl of, 137
Peterborough, Lord, 142
Phillips, General, 157
Pierce, William, 274
Plater, Governor George, 30, 33
Pocahontas, 131
Pope's Creek Church, 89
Porter, Fitz John, 147
Potomac River, 18, 79, 95, 96, 98, 104, 106, 109, 283, 284, 286
Potts, Mrs. Allen, 243
Powell, Kate, 289
Powers, 59
Powhatan, 197
Preston, 258
Prince George County, 73
Prince, Governor Thomas, 147
Prince William County, 77

Q

Queen Anne, 94, 136
Queen Caroline, 81

R

Ramsay, Mrs. Clarise Scars, 147
Randall, Mr., 155
Randolph, 114, 240, 246
Randolph, Anne, 158
Randolph, Anne Bolling, 45
Randolph, Ellen Wayles, 123
Randolph, Jane, 217
Randolph, Jane Rogers, 217
Randolph, Martha Jefferson, 225
Randolph, Peter, 131
Randolph, Peter, of Chatsworth, 45
Randolph, Peyton, 27, 283
Randolph, Robert, 114, 133
Randolph, Sir John, 116, 186
Randolph, Thomas, 115, 116, 121
Randolph, Thomas Jefferson, 225
Randolph, Thomas Mann, 117, 121, 123
Randolph, Thomas Mann, Jr., 120, 121
Randolph, Thomas Mann, 2nd, 122
Randolph, William, 114, 115, 121, 123, 217
Randolph, William, 2nd, 117
Randolphs, 22, 118, 119
Rappahannock River, 18, 29, 31, 34, 37, 46, 50, 52, 67, 68, 69, 74, 283
Ravensworth, 42, 49
Redding, Thomas, 192
Reid, Margaret, 184

INDEX

Revolution, 47, 98, 101, 106, 123, 178, 190, 202, 203, 213, 223, 233, 246
Revolution, Sons of, 99
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 26, 31, 283
Richards, Mrs., 275
Richmond, 154, 157, 187, 207, 210, 211, 225
Richmond County, 29
Riedesels, de, 225
Ritchie, Thomas, 158
Rivanna River, 217
Rives, Amélie, 242
Rives, Amélie Louise, 242
Rives, Colonel Alfred Landon, 242
Rives, Hon. William C., 231
Rives, Mr., 238, 239
Rives, Mrs., 240, 243
Rives, Mrs. Sarah C., 242
Rives, Mrs. William C., 242
Rives portraits, 232
Rives, William C., 236
Rives, William C., Jr., 239
Rives, William Cabell, 236
Roberts, 258
Rochefoucauld, Duc de La, 219, 221, 225
Rolfe, Thomas, 131
Roscow, Wilson, 210
"Rose of Epping Forest," the, 54
Roses, Wars of, 43
Rosewell, 192–206
Rutherford, 258
Ryland, Elizabeth, 115

S

Sabine Hall, 17–28
Sackville, Stockville, 137
Sackville-West, Lord, 137
Saint Mary's River, 284
Sale, 65
Sale, Humphrey, 65
Sales, 210
Salisbury, Marchioness of, 255
Sargent, Professor, 140
Saunders, Dr. Walton, 68
Scott, 170
Sears, 147
Sears, David, 239, 242
Selden, Col. John, 146
Selim, 283
Sévigné, Madame de, 112
Sharp, Elizabeth, 111
Sherman, General, 252
Sherwood Forest, 159–171
Shirley, 125–133
Shirley, Elizabeth, 19
Shirley, Sir Thomas, 125
Shippen, Peggy, 138
Sigourney, Mrs., 242
Sigourney, Mrs. Henry, 242
Singleton, 258

Sir Archy, 34, 35
Skelton, Bathurst, 220
Skipwith, 249
Skipwith, Lady, 258
Skipwith, Selina, 258
Skipwith, Sir Grey, 38
Skipwith, Sir Peyton, 258
Skipwiths, 22
Smith, Elizabeth, 115
Smith, Gen. Robert Gibson, 102
Soane, Judith, 217
Soutcoat, Otho, 134
Southwell, Sir Robert, 144, 156
Specht, Joseph, 102
Spotwood, 130
Spotswood, Dorothea, 211
Spotswood, Governor, 50, 64, 65, 127, 211, 273, 275
Spotswood, Lady, 67
Spotswoods, 210
Spotswood's larks, 51
Stafford County, 42, 44, 60, 95
Starke, Mrs., 88
"Star-spangled Banner," 60
Stegg, Grace, 135
Stegg, Thomas, 135
Steptoe, Elizabeth, 87
Stevenson, Andrew, 252
Stevenson, Mr., 256
Stewart, Dr. Richard, 88
St. James, Court of, 155, 179
St. Memins, 130
Stratford Hall, 79–91
Stratford-upon-Avon, 92
Stricker, 258
Stubblefield, Col. George, 276
Stubblefield, Frances, 276
Stuart, 32, 117
Stuart, Gilbert, 106
Sumner, 49

T

Talbot County, 37
Taliaferro, Sarah, 66
Tappahannock, 65
Tarleton, 178, 179, 223, 224, 233, 234, 235
Tasker, Hon. Benjamin, 283
Tasker, Frances, 282, 284
Tayloe, 29, 30
Tayloe, Anne Corbin, 201
Tayloe, Benjamin Ogle, 32
Tayloe, Colonel, 35, 40
Tayloe, Colonel John, 30, 34, 77, 201
Tayloe, Colonel John, 2nd, 32, 33, 35
Tayloe, Colonel John, 3rd, 32, 38
Tayloe, Colonel William, 40

Tayloe, Elizabeth, 27, 33
Tayloe, Henry, 40
Tayloe, Mrs. John, 32, 33
Tayloe, Mrs. John, 2nd, 33
Tayloe, William Henry, 32
Taylor, Evelyn, 158
Taylor, Frances, 259
Taylor, James, 259
Taylor, Maria, 136
Taylor, Miss, 155
Taylor, Mrs. Fielding Lewis, 205
Taylor, President Zachary, 111, 260
Taylor, William, 29, 31
Tazewell, 246
Thomas, Douglas H., 44
Thompson, Giovanni, 168
Thomson, Anne, 94
Thomson, Stevens, 94
Thornton, Colonel John, 59
Thornton, Francis, 107
Thornton, Lucy, 67
Thornton, Mildred, 230
Thornton, Sir Edward, 38
Thornton, William, 261
Todd, Dorothy Payne, 260
Todd, Payne, 268
Tower of London, 234
Trollope, Anthony, 33
Troubetskoy, Princess, 232, 242
Tuckahoe, 114–124
Tucker, 184
Tucker, Elizabeth Travis, 247
Tucker, John, 43, 246
Tucker, Mary E., 246
Turkey Island, 115, 116
Turner, Sir Gregory Page, 193
Tuileries, 262
Tyler, Governor, 164
Tyler, Henry, 162, 163
Tyler, Joanna, 163
Tyler, Judge David Gardiner, 170
Tyler, John, 164
Tyler, Mrs., 168, 169
Tyler, Mrs. Letitia Christian, 169
Tyler, President, 159, 160, 164, 167
Tyler, Rev. William, 160
Tyler, Wat le, 162
Tylers, 160

U

Underwood tract, 18
United States Capitol, 261
University of Virginia, 225, 243, 277

V

Van Dyck, 283
Vane, Lady, 33
Virginia Bill of Rights, 101

Virginia Company, 63, 150, 173
Virginia State Camp, Patriotic Sons of America, 88

W

Wager, Charles, 156
Wakefield, 90
Walker, Dr., 223, 231, 234, 235
Walker, Dr. Thomas, 229, 230
Walker, Francis, 236
Walker, Judith Page, 236
Walker, Mildred Thornton, 236
Walker, Sir Thomas, 229
Walker, Thomas, 229, 230
Wallace, Euphar, 210
Waller, 205
Walpole, Sir Robert, 155
Waltho, Speaker, 155
Warner, Augustine, 53, 205
Warner, Elizabeth, 53, 107
Warner, Isabella, 53
Wars of the Roses, 43
Washington, Bushrod, 119
Washington, Charles, 107
Washington City Jockey Club, 35
Washington, Col. Wm. Augustine, 38
Washington, George, 27, 29, 33, 39, 40, 47, 48, 53, 57, 61, 95, 98, 100, 105, 106, 108, 109, 112, 130, 187, 188, 225, 233, 237, 240, 283
Washington, Martha, 48, 207
Washington, Mary, 57, 61
Washington, Miss Betty, 53, 56, 107
Washington, Mrs., 99
Waterford, Marquis of, 38
Waugh, Elizabeth, 94
Wayles, Martha, 122, 220
Webster, Daniel, 33, 240, 242
Wellford, A. N., 27
Wellford, Dr. Beverly R., 27
Wellington, 38
Werowocomoco, 197
West, Benjamin, 155
West, Unity, 210
West, Widow, 115
Wests, 210
Westhorpe, John, 156
Westminster Abbey, 179
Westmoreland County, 79, 85, 93
Westover, 134–148
Westover Church, 143
"White Lady," the, 47
Wight, Edwin, 123
Wigton, Earl of, 262

Wilkes, Thomas, 234
Wilkins, Eliza, 277
Wilkins, William, 277
William the Conqueror, 208
William and Mary College, 201
William of Orange, 212
Williams, Miss, 130
Williamsburg, 35, 59, 160, 163, 169, 181, 186, 187, 195, 201, 233, 258, 283
Willing, Mary, 138, 146
Willis, Colonel Francis, 176
Willis, Mrs. Elizabeth, 22
Willis, Nellie, 266
Wilson, Harriet, 121, 122
Windsor Castle, 33
Wingate, Robert, 173
Winston, Isaac, 245
Wirt, 243, 246
Wirt, William, 164, 225
Wolfe, General, 212
Woodlawn, 104–113
Wormeley, Admiral, 33
Wormeley, Elizabeth, 22, 26
Wormeley, Hon. Ralph, 37, 199
Wormeley, Judith, 199
Wormeley, Ralph, 36, 200
Wraxall, 241
Wraxall, Nathaniel, 242
Wye, 37
Wythe, George, 283

Y

Yeardley, Sir Thomas, 143
Yeocomico River, 284
York County, 79
York River, 18, 183, 192, 204, 259
Yorktown, 105, 132, 183, 187, 190, 233
Yorktown, siege of, 47

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